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commonweal

BISHOPS OUGHT TO MARRY

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SPAIN TODAY: DOWN WITH '36

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AU REVOIR

William V. Shannon

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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NEWS AND VIEWS

By no reckoning was it among the finest of hours of Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco when he reacted to the "Little Kerner Report" prepared by 36 students at St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, dealing with racial conditions in the Bay City.

Describing the report as "immature" and sounding like "the product of 21-year-olds," Alioto remarked: "If they would get away from their theology books long enough, they would find out what's really being done in labor unions, business and by well-meaning people to reduce racial tensions."

Mayor Alioto was particularly exercised over the seminarians' criticism of the $9 million Catholic cathedral under construction in San Francisco. "In an historical setting," he said, "these people would probably have stopped Michelangelo on the theory that the money would be better spent on spaghetti and zucchini to be passed out to the crowds."

The seminarians' report covered 577 pages, and concluded that unless city officials and the religious community show "unprecedented commitment" to the eradication of poverty and "white racism," San Francisco faces both "racial violence" and "moral destruction."

Alioto responded impatiently (and without reading the full report) that the seminarians' "judgment is not to be trusted on so significant a question."

His own judgment seemingly beyond question, Mayor Alioto was one of 13 laymen named last month to the board of trustees of the Catholic University of America.

•

Nor was it the best of weeks for another pillar of Establishment America.

Charles W. Engelhard, recipient of the 1966 Brotherhood Award of the New Jersey region of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, found himself the target of demonstrators when he convened in Newark's Hotel Robert Treat the annual stockholders meeting of Engelhard Minerals and Chemicals Corporation.

Picketers from the Southern African Committee of the University Christian Movement and the American Committee on Africa gathered outside the hotel and formed themselves into a spider web (symbolically chained together by white thread) to protest Engelhard's holdings and directorships with companies in southern Africa built on the exploitation of black labor.

Engelhard's African interests are in timber, mining and two major organizations for recruiting black labor. The labor "associations" are in Angola, Rhodesia, Malawi and Mozambique, and turn up workers in the hundreds of thousands for the mines of South Africa. They are reported to be extremely lucrative enterprises.

The demonstrators picketed under the watchful eyes of police, and with their own eyes open for the white vigilante groups spawned in Newark by last summer's riots. But there were no incidents.

Nor was there response from Mr. Engelhard. The stockholders were sped through their business and the meeting was adjourned without discussion inside the Robert Treat of the problems pointed up on the sidewalks outside.

•

Strong evidence of inter-governmental collusion surrounds Mexico's deportation of the revolutionary Maryknoller, Father Thomas Melville.

In Mexico to meet with Guatemalan students forced to flee their country, Melville was picked up in Camitan; held incommunicado in the local jail; whisked by Army officials to Mexico City in a taxi cab followed by unmarked Army car; questioned by Mexican Secret Service (Melville refused to answer questions); then, after days of intimidation, delivered exhausted and beaten to the immigration station at Laredo, Texas, for deportation.

Though immigration office policy is to demand explanation for the deportation of a U.S. citizen, Elaine Fuller of the underground *Washington Free Press* reported that Melville's deportation was accepted "without charges" and with no protest being lodged. The deportation proceedings were completed with dispatch in a matter of minutes.

It was, Miss Fuller wrote, as though immigration officials at Laredo were quietly expecting Melville's delivery. A reasonable assumption.

Melville, incidentally, had asked that his deportation be to Cuba or Vietnam. No chance.

•

The Coptic Church, from Patriarch Kyrillos VI down, continues as a prime example of Christian anti-Semitism.

During Vatican II, there was hard Coptic opposition to a Council declaration on the Jews. During the June war, there were protests "in the name of Christ" against the occupation of Jerusalem and other holy places by "the very people who crucified Christ and deny His resurrection." Now there are alleged Marian apparitions at a church outside Cairo, which are read by Coptic Church officials as an "omen of victory" for Egypt over Israel.

Bishop Samuel, head of social services for the patriarchate, commented: "The Virgin is saddened by what has taken place in Jerusalem, where the Jews have occupied the holy places, and the Virgin does not approve of what the Jews are doing in these holy places."

Patriarch Kyrillos, a leader at the Council in the fight against the declaration on the Jews, is rhapsodic. He has issued a statement confirming "with full confidence and great joy" the "authenticity" of the apparitions.

•

Vested Interest Department:

"MIAMI BEACH, Fla. (RNS)—Robert L. Durham of Seattle, president of the American Institute of Architects, lashed out here at the 'underground church' movement for what he called its abandonment of the sanctuary in favor of the factory and coffeehouse. . ."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Shoulder Arms

Lexington, Mass.

To the Editors: You quote with approval Gunnar Myrdal's comments that, if the Constitution gives individuals the right to keep and bear arms, then "to hell with the Constitution" (News and Views, May 3). If the Constitution indeed provides that right, I would be inclined to quote Myrdal with similar approbation. If, however, one takes the time to look up Amendment II, and reads it carefully, one discovers that it clearly provides no such right.

The amendment is conditional. It provides a *collective*, not an individual right. It states: "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." The right of *the people*, as a collectivity, to bear arms is based upon the conditional provision that a well regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free state. The amendment was put forth in the aftermath of those skirmishes at Lexington and Concord when armed local militia fought the British regulars. The condition upon which a collective bearing of arms was based is obviously irrelevant to mid-twentieth-century America. We do not need armed citizens to provide security. We have organized police departments, and law enforcement officials of every type. We have a well-equipped, well-armed, standing army. The amendment is, I think, rendered nugatory as a result.

Why does no one approach the topic from this angle rather than condemning the Constitution to nether oblivion?

JEAN B. ELSHTAIN

Reverence, Please

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Anselm Atkins on de Lubac (May 3) can afford to be contemptuous of the non-book, *The Mystery of the Supernatural*; he is too young

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THE BISHOPS

It would be less than generous—and less than just—to fail to credit the American bishops for the positive steps they took at their recent meeting. Maybe things will not turn out well, and it must be confessed that it is usually safe to be pessimistic. But the bishops did take some positive steps. Among other things, they issued a statement expressing their concern over the critical problems of war and peace; set up an arbitration committee to handle disputes like that between the IHM Sisters and Cardinal McIntyre; decided to seek a permanent diaconate, including some married men; issued a strong statement on the national race crisis; approved a program of the USCC Social Action Department responding to the current urban crisis; approved a study to cost hundreds of thousands of dollars on priestly life and ministry in the United States.

No one of the moves taken by the assembled bishops is insignificant or valueless—even giving Catholic University an extra $2 million, for if money will not cure C.U.'s ills, the cure cannot come without money. While some of the bishops' actions are undeniably "churchy," this is hardly surprising, and a concern for race and the city and peace and war was also evidenced. And if the Social Action Department was only voted an additional $30,000 to respond to the current urban crisis (as compared, for example, with the commitment of hundreds of thousands for a study of the crisis in the priesthood), it was made clear that this was only the beginning, a grant to cover administrative preparation for a far larger effort—an effort comparable, presumably, to the recent Methodist commitment of $20 million for special efforts in the urban crisis.

It seems clear, then, that some of the bishops at least are trying to move

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away from purely parochial preoccupations into the concern for the larger world demanded by, among other things, the Council document on the Church in the Modern World. In this effort the bishops are going to have to think in terms of real money, for spending on the urban crisis will require millions rather than thousands, and this fact will require a radical reorientation of Catholic priorities and goals. Confronted as the nation is with the gravest domestic crisis since the Civil War, the Church in the country is going to have to postpone or abandon some of its brick-and-mortar concerns, perhaps primarily in elementary education—remembering at the same time that a passionate Catholic dedication to justice and human dignity may be a better teaching device than more formal methods; it was not so long ago, after all, that one of Father Greeley's studies indicated that a majority of parochial school students thought Friday abstinence from meat more important than love of neighbor.

A serious effort will take money, then, money which will only be forthcoming if there is a real change in policy inside the Catholic community. This will not be easily achieved, but even this will not be enough. The Church in this country is primarily a white institution, and it shares in much of the guilt of the larger white society. All too often, racial conflict in urban areas involves Roman Catholics against the black community. Too many suburbs are religio-ethnic islands to which Catholics have fled from black neighbors; too many parochial schools are lily-white institutions. These are facts to which some bishops still close their eyes, refusing to face the reality beneath pious phrases and solemn celebrations of Brotherhood Day. Progress on this score will not be easy, and in some areas, as suggested recently by Mathew Ahmann, executive director of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, progress will only be made by the removal of the bishop—not to mention a certain number of diehard pastors.

But what of bishops who really want to make an effort? Here what is required is a whole new episcopal style, and this not only in the surrender of princely pomp and circumstance. It is essential that the bishops appropriate money, lots of it, but even after this is done, it is our conviction that such an impersonal act will not be enough. Bishops by and large are entirely too removed from the people, intentionally or not. If we read the signs of the times correctly, the teaching authority of the bishop will in the future have to be exercised in large measure by personal witness. If a bishop is to bear effective witness to Christ, he will do so not primarily by impersonal directive and by an "aye" vote in legislative assemblies—necessary as these are—but by himself being where the action is. If he is truly concerned about the black ghetto, for example, he must consistently, day in and day out, join with black men in prayer and action. He must show the black community that his commitment to Christ's justice knows no bounds, and, very importantly, he must by his actions show the Catholics in his care where their duty lies. If this is not the work of a bishop, whose work is it?

And just for a start and as a good example of what we think needs to be done, there is the Poor Man's March on Washington. As the poorest of the nation's poor trudge through the streets in their homely working clothes, walking behind a symbolic pair of humble mules, what better place for a Catholic bishop, a successor of the Apostles and a disciple of Christ, who loved and lived among the poor all his life?

CZECH CHECKERBOARD

If contained too rigidly, political liberalism, as any other kind of liberalism, becomes an explosive quantity. The release of just a little energy can trigger a chain reaction, the results of which are frequently as unimaginable as they are unmanageable. The political situation in Czechoslovakia proves the point conclusively.

After 20 years of repressive political control, Czechoslovakia opted four months ago for political reform, ousting doctrinaire Antonin Novotny and moving in reformist Alexander Dubcek. Drastic revisionism seems hardly to have been the objective, but the reintroduction of a few basic freedoms into the life of the country so propelled revisionism as to bring the thunder of Soviet-bloc disapproval to Czechoslovak ears and the rumble of Russian tanks to the Czech border.

Unquestionably events in Czechoslovakia have carried beyond what Mr. Dubcek and his colleagues conceived possible. But a little bit of liberalism, like a little bit of pregnancy, runs an inevitable course and produces its issue. The immediate one in Czechoslovakia is the un-

NEXT WEEK

An inquiry into the underground-Church phenomenon, with essays by Rosemary Ruether, Mary Daly and Father George Hafner. Rosemary Ruether says:

"What can unite an aristocratic Spanish Trentine Cardinal who sips sherry with the landholders, and a revolutionary, Marxist-oriented priest who shares the wineskin of the insurgent peasantry? Here is no mere difference in life style, but a conflict of principle so deep that one wonders on what ground they can call each other 'fellow Christians.' It is the kind of difference that calls men to choose sides. This is schism in the sense in which we say that the gospel brings not peace, but a sword. The free church movement reflects this schism. It bespeaks clearly that we are not in communion, not merely sociologically but in our fundamental interpretation of what the gospel is."

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leashing of pent-up resentments against those whom Czechoslovaks hold responsible for the human repressions and economic failures in their country. Hence, day after day, television, radio and the press have been heavy with revelations and recriminations against the World War II liberator that became Czechoslovakia's post-war oppressor, the Soviet Union.

The disclosures have quickened tensions between Czechoslovakia and Russia, but Czechoslovaks remain remarkably calm. Are they whistling in the dark, or might they pull off their liberalization and escape violent Russian repercussions? The latter is quite possible. Russia is not the collective bloc leader that it was a short time ago. This, in effect, frees Czechoslovakia's hand to act. But Russia still has its options. It could counter by mounting economic pressures against Czechoslovakia, though the gamble here is substantial that this would drive Czechoslovakia westward. Or Russia could decide on military intervention—and if the maneuvers in Poland are indication of Russian thinking, the disposition to intervene militarily is a live one. The likelihood, however, is that Russia is playing a game of nerves in moving troops toward Czechoslovakia.

But if Russia ever did decide on military intervention, it would not have to delve deep into history for a precedent with which to rationalize its action. It would not even have to be concerned about the specter of Budapest. All it would have to do is cite the intrusion into Vietnam of the United States.

Thus, at what is undoubtedly a turning point of history, Vietnam becomes a liability of yet another sort for the U.S., one which will make it extremely difficult for the U.S. not only to respond irreproachably to the pressures on Czechoslovakia, but also to concern itself with convincing altruism in East Europe's democratization.

For the events in Czechoslovakia, as in Hungary in 1956, are not phenomena. The currents of independence and self-identity course strongly through Eastern European nations. They caught up Yugoslavia years ago; they are stirring Rumania now; and they will have effect eventually on Poland, East Germany and Bulgaria.

The U.S. could do much to help channel these currents, but because of Vietnam its influence will likely be minimal. Of course, this may ultimately be to the benefit of Eastern European countries. U.S. interest does tend to inject a note of ambivalence into the development of events, and U.S. involvement invariably turns out to be a mixed blessing for those assisted. Still, it is a mite pathetic when spokesmen for freedom are rendered unfree to promote freedom movements because of their own violence to freedom. This now seems the fate of the U.S.

NEW VOTER MATURITY

The Presidential sweepstakes have moved westward, and any ten pundits can give you ten totally different readings on the results to date. None is totally convincing. The key primaries of Oregon and California are still ahead, after which there is the stretch run to the conventions. Anything can happen and, in a year when the unexpected has been the rule, most everything perhaps will.

Still, inconclusive though the primaries have been through Nebraska, there is one development that is especially worth noting. This is the seemingly new attitude of voters with regard to favorite-son politicians.

Time was when the state delegates to a national convention were the principal politician's of that state almost for the asking. Massachusetts, in writing in Nelson Rockefeller over the Bay State's Governor Volpe, and Indiana, in deciding against Governor Branigan, may well have dealt this favorite-son tradition a mortal wound. We hope so.

The favorite-son system, except in those cases where the favorite-son is a bona fide candidate, smacks of machine politics and reflects on the maturity and psychological independence of the voters of the state. The system was inevitable, perhaps, in the era of bossism, but it has small place in a day when the voter is called upon to play an intelligent role in the full election process.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

AU REVOIR

This is the last column I shall write for *Commonweal*. I expect to contribute to the magazine occasionally in the future but not on the approximately every-other-week schedule I have observed for the past several years.

My decision to give up this regular space is not due to a disagreement with the editors over Vietnam or any other issue. Our relations have been consistently amicable, and they have urged me to continue. But the pressure of other work has become so great that I believe I should cut back on my commitments. *Commonweal's* standards are too high and its tradition too deserving of fidelity for me to regard an article for its pages as something to be "squeezed in" or written in haste or weariness. "Less is more," as the founders of modern architecture used to say. Besides, none of us ever really leaves *Commonweal*: it has become part of our lives and goes with us wherever we go.

It would be fitting to devote this farewell column to politics—the subject I am supposed to write about—rather than to Vietnam—the subject I was not supposed

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to write about but did and which stirred more controversy than anything else I ever contributed to these pages. I say "supposed to" because when this column was started several years ago, my pieces on "National Affairs" rotated with those of William Pfaff on "Foreign Affairs." But although he rarely intruded on my preserve, I frequently poached on his, mostly because Vietnam became the central issue of American politics and the inevitable preoccupation of everyone interested in public affairs.

For a long time, Vietnam has been for me what whiskey is for an alcoholic. I have repeatedly sat down at my desk fully intending to write a column for *Commonweal* about some interesting domestic topic—and almost before I knew it I found myself rattling away on another article defending Administration policy in Vietnam. The fact that the war was not defended by anyone else in these pages or in any other journal I read (except for *The Economist* of London) undoubtedly contributed to my surrendering to this fatal temptation. I am a combative person, at least at the typewriter, and do not readily duck out of a good fight.

"I'll tell you what is bothering me. How does a writer keep himself from getting such a vested interest in certain ideas that he feels called upon to come to their rescue when they are attacked mainly because he feels that an attack on them is an attack on him?"

John Cogley, once the executive editor of *Commonweal*, wrote those lines in an article, "Partisanship and Truth," published in these pages (Nov. 15, 1957). I liked the article so well I put it in my journal. It helps to remind me that a writer's personal ego distorts the truth even as he tries to serve it.

About that same time, Cogley wrote another article ("Man Talking to Himself Mostly," Oct. 4, 1957) which also seems pertinent to my reflections now: "The gift of himself such as a writer makes to unknown readers is not wholly without merit. No writer is so worthless that some readers do not benefit from the gift. I may have written a lot of foolish things. There is, I tell myself, value for you in reacting to foolishness. I may often have been less than wise. There is a certain value for you in recognizing my stupidity: it is a way of appreciating your own wisdom. I may have written a lot of things I would like to recall. But everybody has said a lot of things he would like to recall; the only difference is that the writer playing the fool does so in public."

I have been struck in reading the letters and articles of my adversaries on the Vietnam issue by their self-righteousness as doubtless they have been struck by mine. How sure they seem to be that the war is an immoral enterprise! To me, it has always seemed we were fighting for the best of all purposes—to defend freedom, or at least the possibility of freedom in South Vietnam—and that we were fighting against a readily discernible enemy whom I, for one, had no difficulty in wishing to defeat—a relatively small band of fanatically aggressive totalitarian Communists.

I have always believed in those lines of John Donne that Ernest Hemingway made famous in writing about the Spanish Civil War: ". . . Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." Freedom is morally indivisible, and it is a cause worth defending anywhere against any enemy, whether in Berlin or Budapest, Madrid or Johannesburg, New Delhi or Saigon. We cannot, of course, fight everywhere but if there are people trying to defend themselves we have a moral obligation to help. But here I am writing yet another Vietnam article, and that was not my purpose at all. I have pragmatically reached the conclusion that probably the Vietnamese people, like the Spanish people of 30 years ago, have arrived at a state of exhaustion in which peace on any terms takes precedence over any political or philosophical goal. Even if the Vietnamese people have not reached that conclusion, the American people are too inwardly torn to conduct any longer a limited war for limited objectives. The war is not worth the intangible cost it is exacting from the American people.

And like President Johnson, I have been reading my literary adversaries with close attention even while vigorously disputing them. While 55 percent of my mind has been defending the war and its purpose, 45 percent has been agreeing with those who point out that this country's resources are finite and that there is moral risk as well as honor for any society that goes to war in pursuit of a moral objective. Now that the war is probably lost, we can only hope that for the people of South Vietnam and for their neighbors in Southeast Asia the consequences will not be as severe as I fear they may be. But that is a subject for another article sometime in the future.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

We are, of course, extremely sorry that Mr. Shannon finds it necessary to call a halt to his regular column, but we are deeply grateful for his past efforts and we will welcome the occasional contribution he promises in the future.

THE EDITORS

FOR SUMMER CLASSES AND THE FALL TERM

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The Gem of Morningside Heights

The rebellion at Columbia had an unreal quality about it. It started largely by accident when a group of demonstrating students decided on the spur of the moment to imprison an acting dean in his office. It then lost support steadily when the students refused to negotiate (although the administration was also recalcitrant) and had become extremely unpopular before the administration called in the cops. With that blunder the administration did for the demonstrators what they could not do for themselves: solidify their support among both faculty and other students.

But it was fitting and proper that the administration should lose the battle by shooting itself in the leg. For the underlying issue—what the faculty and students are now largely against—is the administration and its astounding capacity for arrogance. Nowhere was the quintessential attitude of the Columbia administration stated more clearly than in a memorandum to its trustees that was stolen from President Grayson Kirk's office and printed in *Rat*, an underground paper. After reviewing Columbia's position that no public housing should be built nearby on Morningside Heights, the memorandum said: "Public housing represents a great improvement in the living conditions of the occupants but it does insure a built-in population which has not yet reached economic satisfactions and which, to some extent, causes disturbance in the surrounding community."

Now Columbia knows that almost anybody—students and faculty as well as poor people—will "cause disturbances" if pushed far enough. One of the most interesting elements in the whole Columbia situation is the extent to which faculty and students did become "radicalized" in the course of the demonstrations. Student council types who had spent most of their college careers worrying about such weighty matters as parking rules joined the Students for a Democratic Society in supporting a student strike and demanding a restructuring of the university. A large portion of the senior faculty, many of whom manage to spend months without ever speaking to an undergraduate, eventually sided with the striking students and beat their breasts about past failures to deal with student gripes.

In a curious way this process of "radicalization" is just what the theoreticians of the New Left wanted. In a complex and confusing world they shy away from detailed programs and ideologies; if they have any aim it is education and organization of individuals. As one Barnard girl put it: "It's very difficult to change the structure of the university. Institutional change is only possible if society itself changes. What we have to do is educate people. We've learned a lot already about how this university and its ties to corporate elites work. Those who go through this struggle many times will continue to learn, and maybe eventually will make changes. I don't know anyone who thinks the revolution is going to happen here."

But it was not only an intellectual process that brought the fence-sitters over. New Left activities are attractive to many students because they are in some ways an end in themselves; they offer feelings of camaraderie and meaningfulness that are often lacking in normal lives. At Columbia some students wanted to be a part of the rebellion just to be part of it. One young faculty member, who spent several nights interposing himself between the police and an occupied building, said: "There I was out on the ledge of the library, dodging cans of food as they tried to throw them to kids inside. You know, it was really fun. It was really great to know I was doing something worthwhile, that I was participating."

The major question, however, is what comes out of all this. Committees are being formed and plans are being drafted to give faculty and students more say over such issues as curricula, faculty appointments, discipline, and undergraduate rules. But there will be problems. When the initial excitement fades, it is doubtful how many students and faculty will be willing to devote time and energy to administrative chores. Moreover, democratic control of bureaucratic institutions is a nice notion but very hard to put into practice. SDS has trouble running its own meetings, and the faculty split into numerous factions during the rebellion as it tried to find a role for itself. But few feel the university will ever be the same. If nothing else, its essential complacency has been forever shattered.

With all this on the positive side, doubts about the whole experience linger. The politicization of a university is a dangerous precedent. All good liberals thought Columbia should take a stand against the war. Would they be so happy if the university took a political stand they did not like? The students, despite their professed belief in participatory democracy, took the law of the university into their own hands. The cause was a good one. But suppose a group of conservatives seized the administration building. Liberals would be outraged.

In the eyes of revolutionaries that's what makes liberals so weak; they are afflicted with an ability to see both sides of an issue. But there has never been a totalitarianism not based on the idea that the rightness of one's cause justifies any action, that the end justifies the means.

If the revolutionary students are disturbing to adult society, however, adults can only blame themselves. The bitterness and intransigence of the demonstration leaders, I think, can be traced to the Vietnam war. These students live in a country that imposes its will on other

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countries, that conscripts its young men to fight and kill for something they abhor. It should not be so surprising, then, when young men learn their lessons from their elders so well. STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is a reporter for the New York Times *and has written widely on the New Left.)*

Two Doves, a Lame Duck and a Gaggle of Hoosiers

Senator Robert F. Kennedy's victory in the Indiana primary was hardly a surprise to anyone on the scene. The surprise would have been if he had not won in the state. And the general assessment of Governor Roger Branigin as a formidable candidate was deliberately overplayed. The Governor was a lame duck official from the day he assumed office because he could not succeed himself under Indiana law.

The population shift there, as in the rest of the country, is from rural to urban centers. Hence, the regional claim for Hoosier support had far less appeal than was touted. Many of the more sophisticated Indianans realized that the possibility of the Governor's being a potential Vice-Presidential candidate was largely maneuvered by Indiana press lord, Eugene C. Pulliam. The Governor, now approaching his 66th birthday, is not exactly a hot prospect for the office of Vice President. Mr. Pulliam, an arch-conservative, hoped that by backing Branigin, himself a Democratic conservative, he would torpedo both McCarthy and Kennedy, whose liberal policies he views with equal distaste. He didn't succeed.

Pierre Salinger's cry of foul play against the Indianapolis *Star* and the *News*, for which he rightly claimed biased news coverage, could as easily have been raised by the McCarthy forces. While the Minnesotan was not subjected to the same rough treatment given Kennedy, he suffered the fate of being virtually ignored throughout the campaign. McCarthy aides said they did not want to court the "sympathy vote," so they did not make the newspapers an issue.

Governor Branigin's campaign style made Senator McCarthy look hyperthyroid by comparison. He did not fly anywhere but toured the state, followed by a single press bus. In the smaller towns he would field press questions, shake hands with anyone available and seemed rather surprised one morning in Bluffton (population 7,000) when a woman acknowledged his greeting, "Nice to see you again," by saying she had never seen him before. Branigin's audience was primarily the older Hoosier of yesteryear. At his Moose Hall rally in Hartford City, the gathering resembled a senior citizens' meeting. When asked if he would renounce the Vice-Presidential nod of the successful candidate at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, he replied: "That would be like renouncing an inheritance." He has native intelligence and wit and will be grand again as a much-in-demand after-dinner speaker. Many political observers are convinced that a considerable portion of his votes would have gone to McCarthy had it been a Kennedy-McCarthy confrontation.

The Kennedy campaign was organized, disciplined and extremely well-financed. The electricity generated by the candidate and harnessed by his advance men was the moving force of RFK's campaign. The McCarthy campaign was, on the whole, looser in organizational structure with the result that the student leaders were left to use a good deal of initiative. With no previous campaign experience or press contacts, McCarthy student volunteers nevertheless managed to put out a creditable weekly paper with the announced aim of "The nomination and election of Eugene J. McCarthy as performed by the inmates of American educational institutions under the direction of their own consciences."

However, McCarthy needs one thing badly: a pipeline to the Negro community, preferably by prominent Negro figures. One poll of Negro districts in Indianapolis showed that many residents did not know who McCarthy was and that the Kennedy name was the one with which they identified. Election results clearly emphasized this drawback.

Senator McCarthy frequently departs from prepared texts, which creates problems with the news media. It does, however, make for a more spontaneous quality. Mrs. McCarthy's considerable charm and intelligence are offset somewhat as assets to her husband's campaign by her uncooperative attitude toward the press. Often she would refuse to pose for news photographers at speaking engagements. But in spite of being underfinanced and also bucking Branigin's "favorite son" candidacy, McCarthy did much better than predicted.

As for the future, McCarthy does not expect a clear victory in Nebraska, but could win in Oregon and California. In Oregon, he will have top professional help from author-journalist Arthur Herzog, who will serve as campaign coordinator, and John Cogley as an executive aide. In California, the running feud between the Unruh faction and the forces of former Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown has tended to split the Kennedy forces in the state.

In McCarthy's favor, as pointed out by *Newsday's* Bill Moyers, is the fact that he is the only candidate going to the Chicago convention with "a moral issue behind him." Even if McCarthy loses from here on, his delegates and backers will stick to the end. At the very least, he should emerge in a favorable broker's position. If he wins in California or Oregon, he remains a strong Presidential contender. JERRY O'CONNELL

(Jerry O'Connell, a New York public relations official, toured Indiana with all the candidates.)

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BISHOPS OUGHT TO MARRY

And have large families, too

JOSEPH H. FICHTER

Recent surveys made by the National Association for Pastoral Renewal show that more than six out of ten parish curates think that diocesan priests should be allowed to marry. This attitude favoring clerical marriage was also reported earlier by the same proportion of diocesan priests who are non-pastors and non-monsignors. Among the younger priests, those under 35 and therefore in the normal "marriageable age" bracket, more than seven out of ten think that American priests should have the option to marry or to remain single.

It is generally believed that the Catholic Church makes changes cautiously and moves toward substantial change in gradual stages, but this may not always be the case. The liturgical movement, for example, started slowly and tentatively, gradually gained momentum, and then rushed to a kind of climax that is now everywhere in evidence. The movement to introduce optional marriage for the Catholic clergy of the Latin rite may not take that long because of the spirit of *aggiornamento* that came out of the Second Vatican Council. The traditional reluctance to change seems to be giving way to an open-minded willingness to examine new patterns in the life of the Church.

As may be expected in any proposal for significant change in a large social system like the American Catholic Church, there are levels of both resistance and readiness to the acceptance of a married clergy. Research data indicate, oddly enough, that unwillingness to change is exhibited at both the top and the bottom of the ecclesiastical structure: at the top among the bishops who make the rules and at the bottom among the lay parishioners who have to support and live with the married priests. Yet even here one finds a difference—resistance to change appears to be stronger among the prelates than among the parishioners.

In a hierarchical Church both the lock and key to innovative reforms are in the hands of the hierarchy. Even the "new" system of communication upwards through parish councils, clergy senates and other forms of Catholic associations leaves crucial, ultimate decisions to the bishops. If the hierarchy promotes a reform movement, it is likely to be widely accepted. If the hierarchy opposes a reform movement, there may be many Catholics who disagree, and perhaps some who defect from the Church, but the formal institutional rules and regulations remain unchanged.

Most of the bishops, including the Pope, made it collectively clear during 1967 that they have no present intention of changing the current legislation on celibacy among priests of the Latin rite. Most of them are probably not attracted to the marriage vocation for themselves. They are past the normal marriageable age; they have patterned their lives as bachelors; their status in the ecclesiastical structure persuades them to uphold the sacred value of clerical and episcopal celibacy. Moreover, they would probably find it functionally awkward to administer the diocese if their priests are married and they are single.

Generalizations of this kind about "what the Bishops think" must be made with great caution. We have not polled the 250 members of the American hierarchy on this matter and we do not know how they would respond individually to an anonymous questionnaire. One thing is certain: not all of them are traditionalists and conservatives. There is about a 40-year age span between the youngest and the oldest. It is quite probable that some of

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them are in favor of optional marriage for the diocesan priests, and possibly even for bishops.

It is an interesting contrast that while the majority of the lower-echelon clergy are in favor of the diocesan priest's freedom of choice to marry, only four out of ten approve the idea of married bishops. About the same proportion feel that celibacy should be a condition for promotion to the episcopacy, while the rest are "not sure" enough to venture an opinion. People seem to be confused by the very suggestion of a married episcopacy in the American Catholic Church. The majority (69 percent) of the diocesan priests we surveyed some months ago felt that less than half of their parishioners would be willing to accept married priests. If the American laity were polled on the question of married bishops, they would probably consider this a strange and even shocking proposal.

Condition for Elevation

Nevertheless I propose that when the reform comes in the Church legislation on clerical celibacy there should be optional marriage for the priests but mandatory marriage for the bishops. Let us say that the mandate be only temporary, perhaps only for the next quarter century during the transitional period, or until the whole ecclesiastical structure has accommodated itself to the change. Bishops who now feel that they are too old to take a spouse will go to their heavenly reward during the next 25 years. Marriage as a qualifying condition for elevation to the episcopacy should be applied only to new candidates for the office. Thus we may hopefully look forward to the selection of younger men for the hierarchy and also for a limited term of office instead of for life.

Meanwhile, at the bottom rung of the hierarchical structure, one may optimistically expect the ordination of married men to the priesthood. The Fathers of the Second Vatican Council seemed to appreciate (or to fear) that it is but a brief step from the married diaconate to the married priesthood. Some observers seem to think that it will be easier and more acceptable to ordain married men than to marry ordained men. At any rate, that precedent has already been set (not only by Christ's apostles themselves but) in some European dioceses, where married Protestant clergy have been ordained to the Catholic priesthood.

My reasons for suggesting a married hierarchy are sociological rather than theological or scriptural. Yet it may not be amiss to point out that our growing appreciation of the early Christian community should include an acceptance of the fact that most of the early popes, bishops and priests were married men. Indeed, St. Paul advised in his first letter to Timothy that the bishop "must be a man who manages his own family well and brings his children up to obey him and be well-behaved: how can any man who does not understand how to manage his own family have responsibility for the Church of God?" He did counsel, however, that the bishop should not remarry after his wife had died, and we may suppose that popes, as well as other bishops, generally heeded his counsel.

One thinks nostalgically of those early Christian communities where there were close relations between the clergy and the laity and where the bishop mingled freely and intimately with all his flock. The quest for community in the modern out-sized parish and large-scale diocese is thwarted by the social distance between the people and their bishop. Social stratification has been institutionalized to the point where the Church has multiple layers of status from the lowliest lay person to the highest prelate, with all kinds of official and unofficial functionaries in between. It is logical that large-scale organizations will be structured and stratified even when the best modern techniques are employed to improve communication within the Church. In spite of traditional patterns, and some apparently new factions within the Church, efforts are being made to reduce the negative effects of bigness and bureaucracy.

If the priests marry and the bishops stay single, a new wedge of separation will be introduced into the Christian community. This is a sociological expectation based on the historical experiences of the Eastern Church. The married priest stayed at the lowest rung of the ecclesi-

astical ladder. He had no hope of promotion in his priestly career because all of the important higher positions in the Church were reserved for celibates. He was often assigned to the least desirable parishes in the most poverty-stricken areas, and he was treated like a second-class citizen by his celibate fellow-priests.

It may be argued that this would not happen in the United States, that the American cultural system is very different from that of the countries where the Eastern rite Churches exist; and that an openly mobile society such as ours would not succumb to the rigid stratification of the East. On the other hand, the lower-echelon diocesan clergy of the United States are already in an ecclesiastical system where promotion is extremely slow. In some dioceses they may remain parish curates until they are well into their 50s, and the majority of them report that there already exists a wide social distance between themselves and their bishop. They remain fixed in a lowly status dur-

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ing most of their professional life and are unable to exercise much responsible leadership until they attain the single promotion of their career: to the pastorate.

Reorganization of the diocesan structure, as a consequence of the Second Vatican Council, promises to ameliorate this status problem for the lower diocesan clergy. Associations of priests are beginning to form in the larger dioceses where the problem is most acute. Personnel committees, clergy senates and other groups are operating tentatively as channels of communication with top Church management. Other and more drastic changes may be introduced more slowly, like fixed terms of office for pastors, chancery officials and bishops, periodic rotation of positions, and the splitting up of oversized urban parishes.

While all of these changes are being contemplated or attempted, the clamor for a married priesthood continues to be heard. What contribution would this make to pastoral renewal, to improved service to the Christian community, and especially—in the present context—to a reformation of human relations within the ecclesiastical structure? As one perceptive curate remarked, even in the present situation the bishop is unable to understand his priests, and this situation "would become impossible if some of his clergy were married and he were not."

If we assume that the Church law on clerical celibacy will eventually be changed in the Latin rite, the question becomes one of tactics. How and at what level will married priests be introduced into the system? Most of the priests themselves indicate that it would be better to keep married priests out of the parish because American Catholic parishioners "aren't ready for the change." The priests suggest that married clergy should be assigned to specialized work like teaching, direction of diocesan bureaus, chancery functions, chaplaincies of various kinds. From a structural point of view these are intermediary positions between the people and the prelates. Another category would be those married men who sustain themselves and their families with a fulltime secular occupation but are ordained priests in order to "help out" on weekends in the busy and large urban parishes.

Sons of Bishops

Marriage has consequences in the form of progeny. Unless there were some cautionary qualifications that priests and bishops were allowed to marry only women beyond the child-bearing age—or women who are medically certified as biologically sterile—another problem of social stratification will arise. One of the important historical side-effects of clerical celibacy in the Latin rite of the Catholic Church has been the absence of a hereditary "priestly caste." Even the earlier practice of hierarchical nepotism has largely, if not entirely, disappeared. Upward mobility has been possible in the Church where the son of an illiterate peasant can become a pontiff.

Sons of Protestant ministers and of Jewish Rabbis are often attracted to the occupation of their father. It is thinkable that the sons of priests and bishops would also think about entering the seminary and would thus help to avert or decrease the clergy shortage. The hypothetical question then arises whether the sons of bishops would get ecclesiastical preferment over the sons of priests, and thus introduce a career problem that does not currently exist among the clergy of the Latin rite. One may argue that there is an antidote to this eventuality. Married priests and bishops—and their families—would help to narrow the status gap presently existing between clergy and laity, and promote closer community relations within the Church.

Furthermore, if functional distance from the parishioners is the pragmatic criterion, why not go all the way and say that prelates and bishops, including the Pope, should be the first to marry, to marry young women, and to have large families? Here, of course, we encounter another sociological problem: the population explosion. Up to now, the Catholic Church in America has made a genuine contribution to population control by withdrawing a quarter of a million functionaries from biological reproduction. No other major religious denomination can make that boast. On the other hand, as Professor Dohen of Fordham University remarked, the moral problems of contraception and planned parenthood might be solved more quickly if the Catholic clergy were married. Social change has latent as well as manifest functions.

As everyone knows, this proposal that prelates be the first to marry reverses the system in the Eastern rite Churches, where the upper-status clergy are celibates and the lower clergy have the option to marry. The American Bishops' letter of last January talked about both continuity and change in the Church and said the bishops had no desire to "discourage the positive forces developing in the American Catholic Church." Rationality and calculation are typical of Western civilization, particularly of the Anglo-Saxon cultures, in the planning and development of social organizations. Changes and improvements are more readily acceptable here than elsewhere in the world.

In this kind of society one would hope that the "celibacy debate" will be settled on the basis of pragmatic rationality rather than on a basis of tradition and prejudice. There are intelligent arguments for and against the change to optional clerical marriage, and Pope Paul's message on the matter last summer demonstrated that there is much to be said on both sides of the question. If reason is to govern the reform of Church law allowing a married clergy, it does not seem feasible to exclude bishops and other Church dignitaries from the option. Indeed, bishops who make legislation ought to take responsibility for implementing the law. Furthermore, from a sociological point of view it seems preferable that bishops be required to marry.

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Spain today

DOWN WITH 1936

CARLO NOBLES

Spain, a country of unequal incomes and traditionally rigid class structure, is in the throes of a massive upheaval. Moreover, a new recession, accompanied by the recent devaluation, has augmented an already serious unemployment problem which by late March was pushing the 750,000 mark.

In Madrid and other cities, crisis is in the air. Even when they do not know exactly what is wrong, most Spaniards realize something is amiss. *Esto marcha mal*—things are in really bad shape—the remark is heard frequently these days. Economically, the average Spaniard is caught in a squeeze between a serious price spiral and ridiculously low wages. Last year the government finally raised the minimum *daily* wage from 84 pesetas ($1.20) to 96 pesetas ($1.37), though in order to subsist most workers are compelled to moonlight, push credit to the limit or count heavily on overtime.

However, recent organizational developments in the opposition movements have begun to consolidate the left and moderates, and riding on the crest of economic discontent they have produced some dramatic changes in the political atmosphere. One of the more interesting new forces has been the *comisiones obreras* (workers' committees), a counter institution to the official syndicate, which has functioned as a direct tool of the government and industrialists. Although membership is forbidden in any other organization than the syndicates, the workers' committees, with their roots at the factory level, have made sharp inroads on Falangist hegemony. They have gained considerable strength in urban centers, where the Communist Party, their main sponsor, enjoys organizational superiority, while drawing from a heterogenous membership. In some cases, factory management has been forced to recognize the committees *de facto* and bargain with them directly instead of the official union.

Political ferment has followed closely on the heels of the committees. The rigidity of the system has persistently served to stifle discussion and imprison vocal opposition; all of the press continues to be controlled from above, and heavy punishment is meted out to violators where censorship does not necessarily reach. As a result of this constraint, all calls for reform automatically are transmogrified into a call for revolt; demands for the right to strike or for higher wages become explicit criticisms that question the system as a whole. In the language of protest in Spain, "minor" demands often hide far higher aspirations, and since the area of legal protest is so closely confined, discontent perforce spills into the streets into direct confrontations with the authorities. The demonstrations of Oct. 27 by the workers' committees and the students are a notable example.

An "anti-repression" week took place Oct. 23-30 and culminated with a series of strikes and demonstrations, demanding free unions, free speech, higher wages and an end to the persecution. The students succeeded in timing the demonstrations and pressed for solidarity with the committees. Hoping to crush the demonstrations, the police carried out massive arrests on the days preceding the events. Estimates vary, but the usual well-informed sources estimated the number of detentions at several hundred. The preventive terror failed to intimidate the committees, which, in turn, launched an energetic counterattack issuing numerous calls to action. Despite the display of an enormous public force, estimated at 30,000 and bolstered by Guardias Civiles brought from the provinces specially for the occasion, the call was largely heeded by workers and students.

The committees wished to carry out these actions peacefully, but the government responded that "the truants of the *comisiones obreras* forget the million dead of the civil war" and that "problems are not solved through disturbances of the public order called for by criminals and arsonists." Accordingly, the police had special instructions "to act with the greatest vigor," and it did exactly that, brutally as usual: charging with cavalry, clubbing, kicking, spraying, using dogs at the university, and even firing in the air when confronted with unfavorable odds. Unconfirmed reports also speak of direct armed exchanges between workers and police.

To the cries of *Franco no, comisiones si!* and *Libertad, libertad!,* "thousands of dissident workers braved massed riot police to stage their protests as scheduled," according to the *International Herald Tribune* for Oct. 28, 1967. At the university the combats were no less violent. After the students had held several assemblies in various faculties to urge support for the labor demonstrations, police sealed off part of the university, and several pitched battles pitted students against riot police. Several of the confrontations assumed particularly violent dimensions.

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Amidst a wild confusion even some foreigners were severely beaten by bewildered police. The same day numerous strikes and demonstrations took place throughout Spain—in Asturias, Barcelona, Gijon, Seville, Pamplona and Bilbao—proving that it was not an isolated phenomenon confined to Madrid. Workers showed desire for real change and not one imposed from above. The last fact is of the greatest importance because only 17 days earlier elections to the Cortes (National Assembly) had taken place.

For the first time in years elections based on general suffrage were held. 19 percent of the National Assembly's membership was to be chosen directly by some 16,415,139 eligible voters (the other 81 percent, were, of course, appointed from the top). All of the candidates were closely identified with the regime, and voters faced a unique party slate (Falange). Some candidates, however, appeared to be more modern-minded, or progressive than others.

The setting was carefully prepared. Long before the vote, the people were bombarded with instructions, counsel and reasons as to why they should exercise their new civic duty at the polls. Every night American-type radio and TV programs were broadcast expounding the stability, order, prosperity of Spanish directed-democracy. Much was made of pretended popular interest, discussion and expectation prior to the vote. After the farce, grossly reminiscent of the famous 1966 Referendum, came the big surprises. In industrial zones, where a boycott had been called by the opposition, abstentions ran as high as 70 percent. Official government figures for Madrid and Barcelona give a voting percentage of only 45 percent. The *International Herald Tribune* concluded that "in this limited way in which it was permitted to express itself, the Spanish electorate did speak out in favor of a political renovation—if not of change—and of new men to run the nation."

The twofold movement—the demonstrations and the electoral abstention movement—effectively ended the myth of liberalization put forth most ardently by Information and Tourism Minister, Fraga Iribarne. Under Iribarne's touted "soft-line" policy, a limited amount of criticism was allowed and censorship relaxed somewhat. More foreign films were screened, and Spanish directors themselves were permitted a greater freedom of expression. Under the influence of Vatican II, one of the main themes of the new policy became the dialogue and with it the belief that a civilized exchange of ideas would lead to gradual political and social development. By opening a breach in the monolithic structure, however, the regime miscalculated the political climate and the flood ensued: the result was the actual attempt to cultivate a hundred flowers and a wave of repression descended, though not before the students and the workers unified—despite incipient class conflicts—to the broadening of each.

Today everything is different. Madrid has been the constant theater of strikes, demonstrations, battles, lock-ins, assemblies and incidents. Several schools have been closed, and in Madrid students at the school of political and economic sciences now face paying tuition a second time unless they sign an oath promising not to disturb academic order when classes reopen. Other students have had their military service deferments rescinded and face immediate induction or jail. And a recently promulgated law makes verbal insult of police a crime against the military and punishable by a military court.

According to one student, "now they even have secret police inside the buildings, with little badges, posted to 'guarantee law and order.'" Nevertheless, where students once burned newspapers in protest against their fabrications, now they are not afraid to burn buses, block traffic, and hold rock-throwing battles against the *grises,* a slang term for police whose uniforms are gray. Everything has become more radical. During several demonstrations students have sung Republican Civil War songs, and for Franco's birthday they unfurled a huge banner that read HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YOU ASSASSIN, while many shouted "Down with 1936!" and other anti-Franco slogans.

Having been burned by the gravity and pervasiveness of the discontent, the government has tried to present the current events as the work of a handful of extremists who have cunningly misled the bulk of the student body. Officials claim that a paid minority of Communists, acting on foreign orders, are aiming at the total disruption of academic life in order to wrest prestige from the momentous educational task of the last 30 years. Through the mass media, the government also attempts to portray student activity as part of a worldwide movement. According to the regime, there is nothing more involved than a natural generational conflict, exploited by the Communists. The government cannot bring itself to admit that a generation formed completely within its system desires a radical change. What it cannot see is that Spain has emerged from isolation into communication with developments in Europe and America; indeed, Black Power and Vietnam, as well as domestic change, have gripped the interest of the student insurgents. Students gathered to mourn the death of Che and to protest the embargo of trucks to Cuba by an American-owned Spanish firm, Barreiros.

Though the hierarchy of the Catholic Church continues to back the dictatorship, many of the rank and file have adopted firm stands against an arch-conservative structure and have gone over to the opposition. Some religious centers have become frequent sites for committees' meetings, e.g., the Jesuit Social Workers' center in Madrid. Some Catholic university residences open their doors for opposition meetings and lectures. Many of these activities are led by young Catholic worker priests and other politically-evolved militant Catholics. The action of these worker priests has had traditional strength in the Basque

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country, Cataluña and, lately, in Madrid's heavily industrialized suburbs. According to sources close to the committees, of the 1500 detentions on Oct. 27, over 600 involved practicing Catholics. In Madrid and in Tarrasa, a Barcelona suburb, several priests were jailed in the course of meetings and demonstrations, prompting a priest to declare that there were more accused priests in Spain than in the Eastern Socialist countries. Catholic labor organizations have made important contributions to committees' efforts, and find many of their leaders awaiting trial.

In a letter to the Spanish Episcopacy, a group of leadders from the Catholic Action organization in Madrid said "Spanish workers are abandoned materially, culturally and spiritually." Going much further, a group of 25 priests belonging to the committees urged (1) that the archbishop of Madrid condemn the repression which followed Oct. 27; (2) that bishops elected to the National Assembly present their resignations, as did Archbishop Gonzalez of Barcelona; (3) that a liturgical ceremony be held for those still suffering from reprisals; (4) that priests be permitted to work freely in the workers' committees.

Catholic intellectuals, José Luis Aranguren (expelled from his teaching post in Madrid) and Alfonso Comin (two-year jail sentence for an article entitled "After the Referendum, the Repression"), have paid dearly for their political involvement and repeated criticism of the regime. Recently, a work entitled *Sindicalismo* (Syndicalism), published by two Jesuit priests, Xavier Dominguez and Jaime Castineiras, was confiscated. In it the authors advocated free trade unions. Christian Democrats, Gil Robles, Ruiz Gimenez and others, sponsor *Cuadernos para el Dialogo*, a Catholic review of limited circulation, where political problems are sometimes discussed.

After a recent university disturbance where a crucifix served as live ammunition against the police, the government utilized the incident as an excuse for a further clampdown on students. A group of Catholic students then reacted by publishing a manifesto protesting against an additional manipulation of the Gospel that was "used in the service of egoisms and a class of oppressors." Students urged believing professors and students to carry out real acts of atonement towards the desecrated Christ through strong action in the university and on behalf of the working class.

Opus Dei

Even reactionary *Opus Dei*—a secret, lay, Catholic society—has begun to play an active role in the opposition. This is all the more remarkable because the *Opus*, as it is known in Spain, is represented in the Franco cabinet. Its ministers speak for a powerful group of "young Turk" technocrats in industry, banking, commerce and education. Its cadres, often foreign-trained, are an ambitious lot that includes some of Spain's most efficient managers and industrialists. The *Opus* has made great inroads in education; it now has its own university in Pamplona, well-placed men in others, controls several publishing houses, and runs the newspaper *Madrid*.

In current political terminology the *Opus* is identified with the "evolutionist" faction in government. It advocates a moderate transition towards a new political pluralist system, governed by a kind of neo-capitalism. The *Opus* is known to favor an easy-going monarchy. Its opponents, the "ultras," favor an indefinite continuation of the present-type regime, even at the expense of economic and social progress. In recent times, confrontations have become more frequent between the two camps. The devaluation of the peseta, decided by *Opus* people, was interpreted by "ultras" as nationally degrading, and the corresponding austerity measures imposed afterwards as dishonorable for such a great nation.

Therefore, under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the *Opus* has deemed it necessary to cooperate with the opposition, not only to have better bargaining power at the top but also to assure itself a safe place in the possible succession to Franco, however it may occur. It is an open secret that the organization's paper, *Madrid*, has an unwritten agreement with the left-opposition. The stipulations would be as follows: in return for a place inside the opposition, *Madrid* will publish every news item of obvious political importance and embarrassing to the government, i.e., strikes, arrests, deterioration of the economy, etc. This alliance now reaches even into the student sphere. The *Opus* prints pamphlets and contributes money to the student free syndicate.

At the other end of the alliance are the Communists. In *New Perspectives*, a book published in early 1967, the first secretary of the Spanish Communist Party (pro-Soviet), Santiago Carrillo speaks of the necessity of continuing a bridge-building policy with all parts of the opposition. Moreover, in a detailed analysis of the ruling class, Carrillo urges the democratic opposition to exploit the differences between "ultras" and "evolutionists" by backing the latter and helping them to separate from the former. Though plausible the task is not always easy. Men like Admiral Carrero Blanco, who recently replaced General Muñoz Grandes as vice-president, are generally regarded as "ultras," although many rumors circulate of a possible *Opus* affiliation. Some Communists respond that this only confirms the contradictions in the leadership, which, they claim would become more serious during the succession period. Nevertheless, the more realistic ask whether a policy of alliances will suffice to overturn the regime. Given the present political structure is it possible to conceive of a pacific transition to socialism, as Carrillo claims, without a violent reaction from a threatened ruling class?

New Perspectives has not been well received, and its program is still subject to many criticisms. As could be expected, the extreme left has launched some bitter dia-

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tribes against it. Pro-Chinese and other dissident leftists have called Carrillo's platform revisionist, petty-bourgeois. These detractors feel that the political line pursued by the Communist Party is leading the committees into reformism due to the many accommodations and concessions with elements of the "responsible" left.

If in the long view an armed conflict cannot be discounted, at the present conjuncture it is impossible. The opposition lacks the strength to overthrow the regime forcefully. This is why organization and time have become two of the most important factors for the opposition. Workers and students continue to consolidate their organizations as rapidly as possible to foil the main brunt of the oncoming massive repression, and still maintain power to launch a counter-attack against fascism.

To see the end of the Francoite dictatorship just around the corner is sheer folly, as it is to dismiss present events as unimportant. The magnitude of today's opposition constitutes a significant advance over a resistance which, even as late as 1962 could still be considered feeble. For a country that has lived under a fascist yoke for nearly 30 years, this represents a formidable evolution.

Livingstone in Salisbury, N.C.

PORTRAIT OF A BLACK COLLEGE

FRED C. HOBSON, JR.

Livingstone College, a "predominantly Negro" institution (it has one white student) in Salisbury, North Carolina, is typical of many small church-related southern Negro colleges. Since its beginning in 1882, Livingstone has flourished in virtual isolation from the white society—tolerated, financially supported and even praised by whites but, at the same time, almost unknown to them. Founded by ex-slaves, affiliated with the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, and having a Negro board of trustees, Livingstone notes in its catalogue that it has represented the idea of Negro self-help in education to a greater degree than any other institution in the South. Nevertheless, at least three buildings, including a Carnegie library, were donated by white philanthropists, and the school was named for David Livingstone, the English missionary to Africa.

In appearance, Livingstone is similar to the Negro college described by novelist Ralph Ellison in *Invisible Man*. The campus, located in an old but well-maintained Negro community, is shaded by tall oaks and maples. Old, ivy-covered brick buildings bear the names of well-known Negro educators of the late nineteenth century. In the courtyard near the entrance to the campus is a proposed "Poets and Dreamers Garden"—at one end of which stands a mausoleum, a small Greek temple covered with ivy which contains the tomb of the founder of Livingstone. The tomb itself, in the inner sanctum of the mausoleum, is guarded from intruders by a Victorian wrought iron gate.

In a sense, Livingstone, and the dozens of colleges like it throughout the South, represent a sub-culture—the contented and, aside from funds, self-sufficient Negro college, conscious of tradition, seemingly unaffected by integration, and outwardly unaware of prejudice simply because there are no everyday reminders of prejudice at an all-Negro school. Formally, Livingstone no longer is segregated; besides the one white student last year there were five white teachers—one southerner, two non-southerners, and two Europeans. The school no longer follows the "white line" of Ellison's college. But neither does it often cross it. There is commitment to civil rights, but repudiation of militant means to achieve them. There is little antagonism to, or suspicion of, whites. There is little racial tension—or even racial *emphasis*. Many students and all of the teachers belong to a materially well off, satisfied, middle-class segment of Negro society.

The students appear less interested in social revolution than in personal achievement within the existing society. Most are not angry but rather complacent, or, at most, sullen, young men who are more interested in reading about than becoming militants. Activism of any sort is almost non-existent at Livingstone, despite the fact that students are traditionally, not legally, barred from many white establishments downtown. Only once last year did students march, and then only eight or ten of them protested not racial injustice but allegedly unfair labor practices (primarily to *whites*) at a local textile mill.

In some ways Livingstone is more conservative than many white schools. At a time when the trend among white students—and black students in integrated universities and in urban Negro universities—is toward a greater involvement in social issues, there appears to be a trend at Livingstone away from involvement and toward personal success in business and industry—which was typical of middle-class white students ten years ago.

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Part of the reason that the Livingstone community is relatively complacent is that relations between the school and the town of Salisbury are remarkably good, even though Rowan County, of which Salisbury is county seat, is recognized as Ku Klux Klan headquarters for North Carolina. Rowan Klansmen, however, rarely intimidate Negroes at Livingstone. And the white townsmen in general are far from hostile—which, again, may be attributed to the tendency at Livingstone *not* to force issues. Salisbury Negroes rarely frequent white establishments at which they are not welcome. In turn, whites rarely come to the Livingstone campus, even to hear excellent Negro speakers who occasionally visit the school. Certainly the disparity between black and white is made less evident because of the tendency of both black and white not to emphasize it.

The prevalence of comparative good feeling or, more accurately, the absence of bad, is due in part to the fact that many white community leaders are proud, however condescendingly, of their Negro college. The Salisbury *Evening Post*, a politically moderate daily, gives favorable coverage to many events at the school. In 1963, T.M. Stanback, member of a prominent Salisbury family (the makers of Stanback Headache Powder), established a loan fund for needy Livingstone students. More significantly, this spring a Livingstone professor defeated four white candidates to become the first Negro ever elected to the Salisbury city council. Some of his support came from the white community.

A more concrete reason than "Negro moderation" for the understanding between Livingstone Negroes and Salisbury whites is the temperate leadership exerted by Livingstone President Samuel E. Duncan, a man highly esteemed by the local Negro community and respected by most of the white. The son of teacher parents, Dr. Duncan was born and reared in Salisbury, which makes him far less suspect than an outsider. A deeply religious man, he is president of the North Carolina Council of Churches.

The town is not nearly so tolerant of whites who teach at the college. Most of them are not from the South and even Salisbury "liberals" question their wisdom, if not their intentions. Other whites are less understanding. They don't mind the Negroes at Livingstone, but are suspicious of outside whites ("white mercenaries," one man called them) who obviously are pro-integration. Their being at Livingstone alone is proof.

Aside from the arrest of an art instructor for disorderly conduct—he was charged with photographing an old building without permission—there were no incidents involving white instructors last year, although three years ago a white instructor from Indiana received several threatening phone calls and a molotov cocktail on his front porch after it was learned that he was working in Negro voter registration. The prejudice against outsiders is usually more subtle, however. For example, a teacher's wife said she was welcome at a white church in town until the parishioners learned her husband's occupation; then, she said, they were hardly polite. An Indian teacher, who is dark but with Aryan features, was welcomed at another church ("as a white man," he said) until the members discovered he taught at Livingstone and lived in a Negro home. Then, he explained, he was "colored."

More than prejudice, perhaps, the white teachers' loss of identity is a problem. Few of their associates, white or Negro, fully understand their motives. One couple tried to participate in community affairs only to find that there are *two* communities, Negro and white, and they could be completely a member of neither. Nor were they fully trusted by either community; the whites were suspicious because they associated with Negroes, and Negroes distrusted them because they *are* white. Such a situation helps account for the fact that last year all of Livingstone's white teachers were either under 30 or over 55—just out of graduate school or nearing retirement age. None of them had families in Salisbury. The young teachers do find a few congenial associates at a small white college, Catawba, across town. In fact, the main channels of communication between the two schools appear to be through the occasional—and low-keyed—parties given by young staff members and attended by teachers from both colleges. Faculty members over 30, however, tend to stay away from the interracial parties.

Faculty and Students

As one might expect, the Livingstone faculty is understaffed quantitatively—but it is not so poor qualitatively as frequent reports on the "emerging" southern Negro college would indicate. Almost all the teachers received their undergraduate education at academically substandard segregated colleges, but many earned graduate degrees at large, and often prestigious, predominantly white universities. Almost one-fourth of the faculty, including part-time teachers, hold doctorates. The white teachers also are well-qualified. Two have Ph.D.'s and two have undergraduate degrees from Smith and Harvard. Heavy teaching loads prevent most teachers from publishing, or even from keeping abreast of current findings in their fields, but many do an exceptional job of introducing scholarly material to their students.

Livingstone is no longer as poor academically or materially as it once was. Certainly it continues to be aware of the past, but it is not—as Ellison's fictitious college—stagnating in its tradition. The campus boasts almost as many new buildings as old—two dormitories, a student center, a cafeteria, an auditorium, and a science complex. The school, in fact, is almost exactly half-new. The other half is quite old. There is almost no in-between. All the buildings except two were constructed between 1880 and 1915 or *after* 1955—which vividly supports

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historians' claims that these were the two periods of greatest interest in Negro education.

Perhaps prosperity—or at least the promise of it—has attracted a new type of student to Livingstone. More likely, satisfied middle-class Negroes have attended the school all along. At any rate, the prevailing image of students at the southern Negro college—all the sons and daughters of sharecroppers, shabbily dressed and socially inept, almost illiterate and certainly inarticulate, painfully and belligerently aware of race—is contradicted by Livingstone students. Almost one-fourth come from outside the South, and about two-fifths from outside North Carolina. (Many, particularly those on athletic scholarships, are from the northern cities, though few come from the ghetto.) Most of the students have few serious racial speech peculiarities and have surprisingly good vocabularies. Most of them dress neatly, and often stylishly. Though some students are sons and daughters of southern sharecroppers, others are children of skilled workers, teachers and ministers.

In many ways Livingstone students conform more rigidly to the "collegiate" image than those at large white universities. They appear far more concerned with ball games and dances and the school drama festival than with racial demonstrations. Many of the coeds have been debutantes, and some of the men students their marshals. Socially speaking, formality is the way of life at Livingstone. Although the students don't party often, they party well—often renting dinner jackets for campus banquets and dances. Livingstone, which has seven nationally affiliated Negro fraternities and sororities, emphasizes Greek life more than many white colleges. "AKA," rather than "Black Power," is carved on classroom desks. And athletes, rather than activists, are campus heroes. It is significant that the highest monument on campus commemorates not a Negro educator or a champion of Negro rights but the site of the first Negro intercollegiate football game in America.

One student from Pennsylvania, a bright boy who had turned down a scholarship to Penn State to accept one from Livingstone, told me he never thought any students —especially Negroes from the South—could be so complacent and unquestioning. In regard to religion, his point is especially well taken. At a time when many white students shun orthodox Christianity, Negro students (who might have reason to denounce it, especially in the South) continue to embrace it. And, as at most small southern colleges—white or black—the administration endorses religion. Students are required to attend chapel twice weekly.

The degree of academic expectation at Livingstone is not rigorous, but to many students—particularly those from the rural South—it appears to be. Though perhaps socially sophisticated, many of them come from poor academic backgrounds. They accept their weaknesses and often visit teachers to request additional work. Most of them are the first of their families to attend college, and they are often reminded of the financial sacrifices their parents have made to send them to school. (The minimum cost for a year is about $1,200.) They are similarly aware of the expectations for their success, and realize, perhaps even more than students at a high-pressure white school, the importance of grades to later success. Because of their determination to learn (or to make grades), Livingstone students present few disciplinary problems.

All the attributes—lack of racial consciousness, eagerness to learn, and attachment to orthodox religion—are far less characteristic of the northern students at Livingstone than of the southern. Taken as a group, they tend to be more aware of racial difference and racial pride, are better educated, or exposed to better education, less stable, less passive, and less polite. In general, they feel vastly superior to their southern brothers. Though few, if any, are racially militant, they tend to tolerate—and even admire—Negroes who are. Even these products of the inner city, however, are usually less angry than aloof. Not completely typical of the northern students in background, but typical in attitude, is a scholarship student from Detroit's near east-side, who wrote on a class paper that he grew up "among hoodlums, pimps, punks, and prostitutes." Potentially he is an outstanding student, but he dislikes the image of "student." He likes to read—particularly Baldwin, Richard Wright, and Leroi Jones—but hates to admit that he likes to read.

Both northern and southern Negroes at Livingstone, however, have one outstanding trait in common. Both are ambitious beyond reasonable expectation. Although three-fourths of my class had failed either the English placement exam or first semester English, almost half of them in autobiographies mentioned graduate school as a definite possibility. Many included *which* school and which field.

As a whole, the students appear to believe that, for the first time, the power structure is *for* them—that if they work they can win fellowships and receive job offers in teaching, government and business. Their optimism about a future in business is surprising. Traditionally, most graduates of Negro colleges have gone into teaching, the ministry or social work. Now many are considering careers in commerce and industry—and with reason. Large corporations are recruiting on Negro campuses as never before.

Because of opportunities in business and in other heretofore "white fields," it may be natural that Livingstone, and other small Negro colleges like it, concentrate on molding the well-rounded student—socially polite (even formal), well-read (though not intellectual), and religious (though broad-minded). Perhaps it is natural that the small Negro college should stress production rather than protest.

Although a few of the students are materially well-off, they are still—by white standards—intellectually and

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culturally deprived. Almost all grew up in segregated neighborhoods, attended segregated schools, and, almost inevitably, chose a segregated college—either because they could qualify for no other, or because they were afraid to try another. Yet once they graduate they will be expected to live in an increasingly integrated society in which—whether they like it or not—they will be judged by white standards. Their fathers, even those who went to college, returned to an all-black environment; this generation will go in increasing numbers into a predominantly white one, simply because the jobs are there. Most will be qualified for the jobs. But they want to do more than work in an integrated society; they also want to live in it.

THE THEATER OF RITUAL

MEDIA

The problem of belief in art will not go away. In its current manifestation, we have the shock that doesn't shock, the emotional glitter of cruelty that has not fulfilled its Artaudian promise, to revive a theater that has a death-of-God complex all its own. To challenge this on the scale of *Marat/Sade* seems bound to be indecisive. In fact, most people, including critics, regarded the Weiss play primarily as an entertainment, which may indicate that the theater suffers from a death wish as well as disbelief. However, on a more modest scale, the question of belief raised its bloody head again recently with a couple of theater pieces involving, in one, acts of destruction, and in the other, a tribal ritual from New Guinea.

The destruction piece, at the Judson Memorial Gallery, was by a young Viennese painter, Hermann Nitsch, who keys his mayhem to the color values inherent in blood and gore. The work revolves around the bloody, skinned carcass of a butchered lamb suspended from a rope, the disembowelment of a fish and a loaf of bread, and the mingling of all three with bloody brains, raw meat, more blood fetched in cans and poured from a test tube, and a pink-violet aniline, also dispensed from the test tube. When not busy hacking and stuffing, Nitsch is much like the action painters of the late '50s, stirring, dripping, pouring, and in the instance of brain matter, throwing as well. The over-all effect, heightened by the floodlights at night in the open air, was that of a bad auto accident. The audience standing around quite naturally had the appearance of onlookers, each lost in his own thoughts, each with time on his hands.

The inherent problem of a methodical art like Nitsch's is that it creates time on everybody's hands. It is hard, in fact, to imagine an act of destruction that would be fluid; even Swiftian satire, in its destructive aspect, tends to be mechanical in its thoroughness. Otherwise, Nitsch does not seem to be much more than marginally successful in transforming an experience of destruction into a comprehension of color; the most that this required of the audience was getting over a little squeamishness. Comprehending destruction involves more than just doing it, or watching it. Indeed, the impression of the evening, perhaps shared by most of the audience, was simply that of the event itself and what it might portend. Unfortunately, the reality of an event is nothing more than the sheer drag of history in the making, the massacre of another generation.

Compared to the Nitsch product, the polymorphous-perverse "Birth Rituals" of The Performance Group, directed by Richard Schechner, is clean and graceful. Part of a larger, unfinished work (entitled *Dionysus in 69*), the piece was performed at the First American Radical Theater Festival held at the Washington Square Methodist Church. It consists of a group of more or less naked young men and women forming with their bodies a symbolic birth passage through which one of the young men is passed in a representative birth. As in the original New Guinea ritual (filmed, by the way, in the French documentary, *The Sky Above, The Mud Below*), the passage is formed by the men taking prone, face down positions on the floor next to one another while the girls, standing, straddle the path of bodies with their legs. The person to be born is then pulled twisting and turning down over the bodies and between the legs by the women, who throughout the ceremony imitate the strains and groans of child labor.

Schechner's ritual is perhaps more Greek than tribal in inspiration, and more erotic than natal. But that is really beside the point, for Schechner, like Nitsch, is primarily concerned with breaking down the barriers between art and life, symbol and event, through the techniques of environmental theater, confrontation and ritual. Both define their theater as political, Schechner alluding to a "politics of ecstasy." Thus, contrary to traditional theater, the question of belief here does not resolve itself in a particular symbol or ritual, but in the experience of harmony and unison in the movement of various bodies through a prescribed ritual or ceremony, or exercise for that matter. The reality is living flesh touching living flesh as a deeply felt experience, quite apart from the symbol. Community is thus experienced and affirmed, though at what level of consciousness is uncertain. The actors, and perhaps the audience, are liberated, but of what? If we do not know the answer, can we say there has been a liberation?

The modern theater of alienation has suffered for its guerrilla attempts to comprehend society. And to complete the analogy, the reason for this is largely its failure to mark the Maoist dictum of guerrilla survival, that of becoming as a fish in the surrounding water of

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society. But then modern artists are not necessarily Maoist; they are also concerned with artistic and personal freedom. The cost of such freedom from having to speak directly to the community, in its language, and according to its whims, has been in social relevance, the personal and artistic relevance of a Beckett notwithstanding. The question is one of survival, not belief.

A parallel can be seen in religion, which, lacking the supporting structures of society, positive as in the Middle Ages, or negative as in the age of martyrs, undergoes a seemingly continual crisis of belief. Thus it happened that Christianity recently emerged from the death-of-God crisis, a crisis of faith, with a fresh appreciation of communality. Belief, for the time being, has been relegated to a sort of limbo state as the church enters the womb of society to regain its lost symbolic powers. So theater, in returning to its origins in ceremony and ritual and communal fears, might be said to be seeking the restoration of its old powers. Shock and cruelty are one part of the effort to achieve reality; the ritual, providing a necessary life function for the community, is another. A third is the attempt to create a political theater.

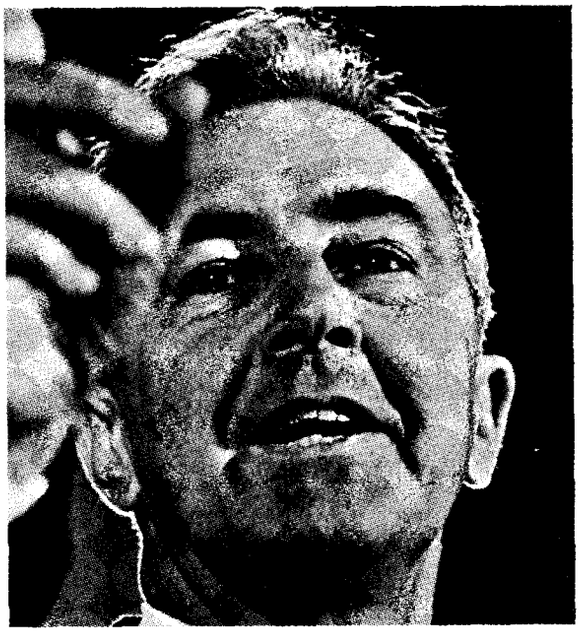
The old standby, suspension of disbelief, needs no longer to be courted, for a theater of ritual does not offer fantasy, the delights and occasional vision of the imagination. It gives us instead the real thing, the event, reality itself, though in doing so it runs the risk of catering to the mistaken assumption of its audiences that the intangible, "other" reality of the imagination is somehow less real. The reality of the imagination was a favorite notion of Blake, Keats and indeed of all the romantics, and is simply taken for granted by the modernists. Its relevance to the theater, and to all art, lies in the fact that it is precisely the means whereby man is able to free himself from the bounds of human necessity, the event, the very things that a theater of ritual would seem to enforce.

Yet, it is a curious fact that the necessities of modern life, those imposed upon us by technology and in which we so much believe, are not by any stretch of the imagination human necessities. On the contrary, it is our human necessities, those of birth, death, the sexual instinct, play, work, that are encroached upon by technological society, and made to seem, by reversal, impositions on the smooth flow of the system. These areas of life (but not, for instance, romantic love) are where the theater of ritual places its focus, not by creating its own symbols, a function of art, but through the use of old, historically superseded symbols. By the fact of being superseded, they are shorn of whatever magic they might have possessed. For the theater of ritual to create its own symbols, say a flying saucer, would be an excursion into full-blown religion and probably yet another experiment in fascism.

However, as it stands now, the freedom of modern ritual from its symbols constitutes a hidden bonus, al-

Crucial Primary

Support the man who walked out on the limb and challenged the tree—Senator Eugene J. McCarthy —as the Democratic nominee for President.



A primary of key importance takes place in New Jersey, June 4, with 80 delegates pledged to Senator McCarthy. They need your support. In fact, New Jersey elects the 3rd largest number of delegates of any state holding Presidential primaries in '68.

Don't give a blank check to Governor Richard Hughes, Gene's only adversary in the New Jersey primary. Instead, send your check to Volunteers for McCarthy to the address below.

Dorothy Eldridge
Essex County Volunteers for McCarthy
7 Park Street
Montclair, N.J. 07042

Here is my contribution to support the crucial McCarthy-for-President primary campaign in New Jersey.

Name .....

Address .....

City, State, Zip .....

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lowing it to deal with human necessity without enforcing it. In the process, it may also perform a much needed exploration of that necessity through which the human imagination creates its possibilities. For in a sense, all human necessity, the events of eating, sleeping, making war and dying, partake of ritual. Indeed, stripped of their hypnotic symbols, ritual may be all that is left, to be passed through according to our human needs but with the freedom of our imaginations intact. The rest would be art.

PAUL VELDE

RUSSIAN SPECTACULAR

THE SCREEN

The bigger the film and more epic the proportions (like "Gone With the Wind," "Lawrence of Arabia," "2001," "The Bible," and various lives of Christ) the more the critics sharpen their quills to make war and peace among themselves in their reviews. The Russian "War and Peace" is the biggest—and most epic. And, sure enough, the reviews have run the gamut, from "the greatest," "masterpiece" and "very good indeed," down to "ridiculous" and "failure." One wonders if all the critics saw the same picture. Most of the adverse criticism, however, is aimed at the dubbing. The Walter Reade Organization (which is releasing the film in this country with Satra) prepared the American version and decided to dub it rather than use subtitles—no doubt to win the largest possible audience for this movie that cost $100 million. Although this is the best dubbing I have ever heard (it was done under the supervision of Lee Kresel), dubbing still leaves much to be desired: the synchronization is never perfect, and the voices, themselves, while good, have a certain sameness and flatness. Furthermore, hearing the original Russian would have added much to the feel and atmosphere of the picture.

I must say, however, that after the first 20 minutes, I forgot about dubbing and its eccentricities and found myself concentrating on the gorgeous visuals and the story—and admiring the excellent costumes and sets, the good cast, the film's faithfulness to Tolstoy and the 1805-to-13 period. The wonder is that "War and Peace" could be made so well. Leo Tolstoy's lengthy book (considered by many to be *the* greatest novel) wanders all over the lot, has hundreds of characters, and covers a multitude of subjects in depicting this history and struggle of the Russian people. That this all-inclusive novel could have been condensed and captured in a movie is amazing; and no doubt first credit should go to Sergei Bondarchuk, who wrote the screenplay with Vasily Solovyov and directed the massive, sprawling film which in spite of its size has unity. Many of Tolstoy's characters are missing, but the main members of the Rostov, Bolkonsky, Bezuhov, Kuragin families are there, and it is their fortunes and misfortunes we follow in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and on battlefields in Austria and Russia.

Under Bondarchuk's direction, these battle scenes have a sweep that is almost too beautiful in long shots and too cruelly detailed in closeups. But they convey the horrors of war and emphasize again and again Tolstoy's anti-war themes. These themes recur not only in the exciting visuals but also in the discussions of Pierre and Andrei who wonder, "If evil men can work together to get what they want, why can't good men?" The two close friends are expertly portrayed: Andrei by Vyacheslav Tihonov as the handsome, gallant, but haughty prince, and Pierre by director Bondarchuk, who is no doubt too old for the role but comes through charmingly as the rather sweet, gentle, gullible do-gooder. Both men are in love with Natasha, played by Ludmila Savelyeva, ballet-dancer-turned-actress, with extraordinary beauty and grace as she ages during the story. The many supporting roles are also well played; and outstanding among them is the portrait of Kutuzov by Boris Zahava as the Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian armies, the man who wisely waited for Napoleon and the French to destroy themselves after the burning of Moscow.

As a big-scale spectacular, "War and Peace" is as exciting for its beauty and display as it is for its story. And as beautiful as the magnificent battle scenes are the elaborate social functions, particularly the ball at which Natasha and Andrei meet and fall in love. The assets in this Russian "War and Peace" far outshine its defects. The American version, which runs for 6 hours and 13 minutes (one hour shorter than the Russian version) is being shown in two parts. I'd advise you to see the parts at two separate sessions. But all, I'd advise you to see "War and Peace."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

FELIX POLLAK

SONG

I left without goodbye
free as a bird
you were the faintest cry
from once-it-hurt

Free as a bird leaned
against thin air
you were a gust of wind
from never-were

You were as lost and late
as rock turned sand
but when I touched new land
I was afraid

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From "No Mules" (Coward-McCann)

A SELECTED LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

MARY LOUISE BIRMINGHAM

PICTURE BOOKS

Mazel and Shlimazel, or The Milk of a Lioness. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Ill. by Margot Zemach. Farrar. $4.50.

A folk-like tale of peasant and king, told by a virtuoso. Mazel, the spirit of good luck, vies with Shlimazel, the spirit of bad luck, for the ultimate fate of Tam, who began as the most miserable of wretches and became the king's son-in-law. This book is a total delight.

No Mules. Written and ill. by William Papas. Coward. $3.50.

Deft mockery of racial segregation in South Africa. Faan is a black child who confronts the color bar in a general store and farcically undermines it, with the help of his white mule. 4-8.

The Biggest House in the World. Written and ill. by Leo Lionni. Pantheon. $3.95.

The fable of a little snail who grew such a magnificent shell that he could no longer travel about in search of food and companionship. An enchanting story full of humor and enlightenment. 3-6.

Red Riding. By Jean Merrill. Ill. by Ronni Solbert. Pantheon. $3.75.

Another triumphant creation of the team responsible for last year's *Elephant Who Liked to Smash Small Cars.* This one is a retelling of the nursery classic by a hypothetical small Katy with interruptions from her little brother Tony on a rainy day. 5-8.

Two Hundred Rabbits. By Lonzo Anderson. Ill. by Adrienne Adams. Viking. $3.95.

A never-never whimsy about a rabbit parade that is summoned by a magic whistle to entertain the king. Royalty's discontent with the spectacle and the narrator's solution to the problem are as impish as the pictures.

Corduroy. Written and ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $3.50.

A cozy bedtime story about a toy bear and a friendly little girl. This utterly simple picture book communicates the steady reassurance of a Linus blanket, and will probably so function for many a child.

Good Night, Veronica. Written and ill. by Denise and Alain Trez. Viking. $3.95.

The half-asleep fantasies of small Veronica and her dog Citron on a hot summer evening. Cartoon-like, delicately tinted drawings nimbly portray a dreamy stream of imaginings.

Not THIS *Bear!* Written and ill. by Bernice Myers. Four Winds. $3.50.

The comic tragedy of Herman, who is mistaken in his furry coat for a bear. The pictures of bears (and of coat) are lovely brown scribbles. This illustrator's debut as a writer is a great success. 5-8.

Tikki Tikki Tembo. By Arlene Mosel. Ill. by Blair Lent. Holt. $4.50.

The deft retelling of an amusing Chinese folk tale. The hero is called Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo—in keeping with a venerable tradition that prescribes long, long names for eldest sons. His unwieldy, singsong honorific title is, lit-

MARY LOUISE BIRMINGHAM *has had wide experience as an editor and an editorial consultant to publishers of juvenile books.*

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erally, nearly the death of him. A funny story especially good for reading aloud. 4-7.

The Stone in the Road. By Stephen Seskin. Ill. by Ursula Arndt. Van Nostrand. $3.50.

A tale of an honest workman and a long-ago village that hankered for the prosperity a miracle would bring. The illustrations are of uneven quality, but the story of the aged ditchdigger who wins a contest to move a legendary stone is steadily ironic and consistently moral. 5-8.

Everything Changes. By Ruth Read Howell. Ill. with photographs by Arline Strong. Atheneum. $3.50.

Birth and growth, death and rebirth in the contrasting sights and sounds and feelings of the four seasons. This naturalistic picture story of the world children experience reflects the course of the year in many ways: in frost on a parked car, in the changing shadows of a progressively leafing tree, in icicles, buds, birds. The book is an imaginative stimulus to understanding and enjoyment. 3-7.

Rhyming Will. By James Reeves. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. McGraw. $3.50.

A cheerful encounter with a small boy who spoke only in rhyme, until people's complaints impelled him to seek his fortune in London. There, he lost his curious gift in surprising circumstances. A happy story, with pleasant, tranquil pictures.

A Rose for Mr. Bloom. Written and ill. by Bernard Waber. Houghton. $3.25.

A gay fantasy concerning Mr. Bloom, a sober and sensible clerk who discovered a rose sprouting from his left ear. His lighthearted story breathes the mild intoxication of a spring day. 5-8.

History, Biography

Great Ambitions. By Elizabeth Kyle. Holt. $4.50.

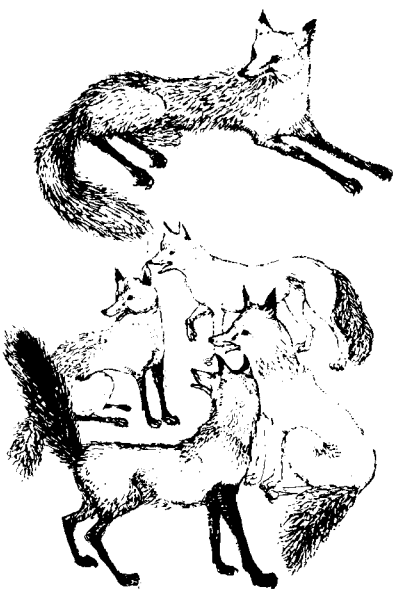
"A story of the early years of Charles Dickens," told with insight, compassion, and suspense. His novels have scant appeal for today's young readers, more's the pity. However, this attractive biography stands on its own, communicating a vivid sense of Victorian England and telling a good tale. It may even convert some of this generation to *David Copperfield.* 12-14.

Peoples, Seas and Ships. By Zvi Herman. Translated by Len Ortzen. Ill. with photographs, drawings and full-color plates. Putnam. $7.95.

A labor of love by an officer of the Israeli shipping line Zim, based on his lifelong fascination with navigation and the sea. This dense-packed account of 3,000 years of maritime history will captivate enthusiasts of the sea. Less obsessed readers will enjoy dipping into its pages and contemplating its many interesting pictures. 12 and up.

Sunnyside. By James Playsted Wood. Ill. by Antony Saris. Pantheon. $3.95.

A well-told life of Washington Irving that is also a profile of his place and time. The book's title derives from Irving's Hudson River home, and alludes to his temperament as well. This biography recreates vividly the context of a New York dandy and a cosmopolitan bachelor in the first half of the 19th century. 12 and up.



From "Letters from Foxy" (Pantheon)

Marching Toward Freedom. By James McPherson. Ill. with prints and photographs. Knopf. $3.95.

A well-documented account of the Negro's role in the Civil War, with contemporary illustrations. This latest volume of the Living History Library is an impressive study, reinforced with passages from the letters and diaries, song and oratory of its protagonists. Its relative brevity is an additional asset. 12 and up.

Eleanor of Aquitaine. By Regine Pernoud. Ill. with maps and photographs. Coward. $6.50.

The absorbing history of the incomparable twelfth-century queen. Having inherited the duchy of Aquitaine, Eleanor married, successively, the kings of France and of England. She bore two English kings and became in time "the grandmother of Europe." Her singular beauty, charm, and force of character adorned an unusually eventful life. This biography is soundly researched and richly detailed. 12 and up.

The Endless Steppe. By Esther Hautzig. Crowell. $4.50.

The true account of an extraordinary girlhood spent in Siberia as the daughter of an exiled "enemy of the people." An unassuming, forceful memoir which transcends the category of juvenile. It should appeal to readers of many ages and tastes for decades to come, as a rare epiphany of human gallantry. 12 and up.

Prisoner of the Indies. By Geoffrey Household. Ill. by Warren Chappell. Atlantic-Little. $4.95.

A modern version of the true adventures of Miles Philips, first narrated in the sixteenth century by Richard Hakluyt. Young Miles journeyed to the West Indies as a cabin boy on an unlucky vessel, plagued by famine and fever. There he asked to be put ashore rather than risk the return voyage. And there he was enslaved by the Spanish and tried by the Inquisition. This is a realistic and brutal first-person account, full of stimulation for thoughtful young readers. Such matters as slavery and religious persecution are taken for

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Set in an English slum — the Jungle — this story is about four children whose irresponsible elders leave them to fend for themselves. "For its genuine dialogue and total honesty, this book deserves extra praise."
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Ages 12 up $3.75

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The author sets two children "an impossible task — to find adventure in the grey and leaden world of a poor and hopeless neighborhood. They find it, and the reader, too, will find adventure and that bright jewel, hope."
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Illus. by ELLEN RASKIN. A wildly imaginative ten-year-old girl learns a frightening secret and must cope with it as best she can. "The writing is excellent and its combination of comedy, near-tragedy, and suspense are rare in juvenile fiction." — Starred review, *School Library Journal* Ages 9-11 $2.95

By Nina Bawden

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Blind Janey, her brother Tim and a lonely orphan named Perdita tangle with jewel thieves on a Scottish island. "As gripping as the story of Tom and Huck hiding from Injun Joe." — *N.Y. Times Book Review* Ages 9-11 $3.39

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Fred and his friends decide that the only way they can recover Gran's missing money is to steal it back from the thief. "A rollicking, fast-moving and altogether delightful adventure."
— Children's Book World, Chicago Tribune
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By Jeannette Eyerly

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Two unhappy teen-agers drop out of school, elope, and come close to tragedy in this timely novel. "The gradual disintegration of teenage hopes and romantic ideas is painfully realistic . . . No pat ending here either."
— Library Journal Ages 12 up $3.25

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granted in a way that will challenge and provoke. Without preparation, it might prove indigestible.

PREADOLESCENT FICTION

Dead End School. By Robert Coles. Ill. by Norman Rockwell. Atlantic-Little. $3.95.

The novelized record of a black child's experience in a shabby, filthy, crowded, understaffed city school. It is quietly and effectively told by the child psychiatrist who wrote *Children of Crisis,* through the first-person narrative of a boy named Jim. It is convincing and moving, even in its occasional wry humor. Presumably, the point of the typically Rockwell illustrations is to enhance communication with middlebrow, middleclass suburbia; surely this is all to the good—although they are not quite in step with the very contemporary text.

Pyewacket. By Rosemary Weir. Ill. by Charles Pickard. Abelard. $3.25.

Plots and schemes of a mischievous tomcat with a witch's family in his pedigree. Bossy Pyewacket declares guerrilla war on the human inhabitants of Pig Lane. He directs the neighborhood cats in a campaign to oust their owners and take over the territory. Coincidence strengthens his hand. This is a sprightly comedy, with amusing characters. 6-9.

The Wise Fool. Adapted and ill. by Paul Galdone. Pantheon. $3.95.

Variation on a Rabelaisian theme, with a map of 16th-century Paris for endpapers. The story, based on a chapter from *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* concerns a king's jester who settles a squabble in a manner worthy of Solomon. 6-10.

The Comeuppance of Emile the Drummer. Adapted by Miri Kin from the Flemish of Jean de Bosschère. Ill. by Françoise Webb. Walker. $3.95.

The outwitting of a mischievous braggart. Troublemaking Emile wanders the countryside after his discharge from the army, playing mean tricks on the peasants—until tables are turned. There is admirable comic vigor in both story and pictures. 7-9.

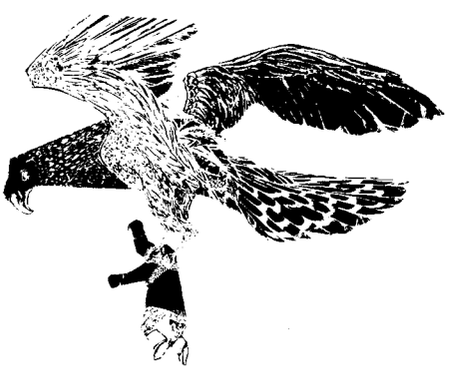
William Mayne's Book of Heroes. Ed. by William Mayne. Ill. by Krystyna Turska. Dutton. $4.95.

A treasury of legendary titans found in the prose and poetry of many cultures. "A hero," says Mayne, "has a quality of being slightly larger than life, and slightly larger than death, too." Here he has retold or repeated the stories of Finn Maccumhail and Perceval, Theseus, Hynd Horn, and many more. Turska's pen-and-ink horsemen and seamen are doughty incarnations of the text. 7-11.

Letters from Foxy. By David Ross. Ill. by Judith Valpy. Pantheon. $3.75.

The adventures of a bright and bumptious fox on London's Hampstead Heath, told in a series of letters to his uncle. Except for the epistolary framework, which is pointless and rather annoying but can be ignored, this is a thoroughly appealing, well-paced story. The first-rate illustrations are in a foxy red-brown. 8-11.

The Curious Clubhouse. By Christine Govan. Ill. by Leonard Shortall. World. $3.75.



From "The Day Tuk Became a Hunter" (Dodd, Mead)

The rambling, good-tempered mystery of a slightly haunted clubhouse. A gaggle of children in search of a home for their hobbies move into an apparently deserted building. Mild spookiness ensues, but the ending is satisfactorily happy. 9-11.

Tony and the Wonderful Door. By Howard Fast. Ill. by Imero Gobbato. Knopf. $3.75.

The wonderland of Tony MacTavish Levy, set in the slums of New York's lower East Side, in the 1920's. Tony's teacher scolded him for "lying" and his parents worried about him, too. Tony kept referring to a fabulous world beyond the door of his tenement backyard, where he kept tryst with a Dutch boy and played games with Indian children. This is effective fantasy, buttressed with the lore of Tony's wonderland: New Amsterdam in the time of Peter Stuyvesant. 8-12.

The Day Tuk Became a Hunter and other Eskimo Stories. By Ronald Melzack. Ill. by Carol Jones. Dodd. $3.95.

Ten Eskimo tales selected by a professor of psychology who is also an amateur anthropologist. The desolate arctic is eerily conveyed by these curious fragments and by the stark, powerful illustrations. 8-12.

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Richard Oldenburg. Ill. by Hans Malmberg. Doubleday. $4.95.

A modern abridgement of a Scandinavian classic, lavish with color photographs. The tale of *Nils* is a famous fantasy-travelogue of Sweden, written by a Swedish Nobel Prize winner. The panoramic photographs accompanying this version present a gander's-eye view of the country, and attractive endpapers map the voyage of Nils on the gander's back. A bit more jacket copy about the book's history would have been helpful. For instance, one is left uncertain whether this edition is based on a forthcoming film—as its style suggests. 8-12.

The High King. By Lloyd Alexander. Holt. $4.50.

The concluding volume in the chronicles of Prydain, a country that is half Wales and half moonshine. Like its predecessors, this story may be read independently. Taran learns his identity at last, to the joy of those who have followed the earlier trilogy: *The Black Cauldron, The Castle of Llyr,* and *Taran*

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Wanderer. The series is a treasure, and its final chapter is full of wit and woe and stirring adventure. 10-14.

The Fiddler of High Lonesome. Written and ill. by Brinton Turkle. Viking. $3.50.

A poignant mountain tale narrated effectively in country vernacular, with haunting illustrations. Bochamp, the youthful fiddler, tries to make his home with the Fogle clan, on a mountain called High Lonesome. They accept him reluctantly, because he lacks their enjoyment of hunting and shooting. When they discover his gift for luring woodland creatures with his music, and put it to cruel use, he rejects them in turn and goes his way.

Struggle at Soltuna. By Karin Anckarsvärd. Translated by Annabelle MacMillan. Ill. by Fermin Rocker. Harcourt. $3.50.

Mutually enriching friendship between two boys of harshly different backgrounds, set in a time of great social conflict in Sweden, by an award-winning author. Jon's father is a physician, and Rickard's is a drunken stonecutter. Their comradeship is forged in the heat of a political struggle that took place in the early years of this century. The translation is smooth enough, but punctuated by minor cultural mysteries—unexplained coins, a kitchen water-barrel, mother's "bishop's chair," awkward scraps of verse, and so on. A few prefatory paragraphs of orientation to Swedish political history would have been helpful. Nevertheless, the story's atmosphere is interesting and convincing. 10-14.

A Hole in the Hedge. By Margaret Leighton. Farrar. $3.50.

A sunkist California thriller about three temporary orphans and the mysterious recluse next door. The children have been left with a housekeeper in the brief absence of their parents. Their neighbor's behavior grows stranger, and they are threatened by a serious problem—which is solved in the end by two likable adolescent detectives. This pleasant family is well-characterized

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A team of Little Leaguers gets stuck with a woman coach. *Illus. by Foster Caddell.* 7-11 $2.95†

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and amusing, and their story is adequately suspenseful. 10-14.

Striped Ice Cream. By Joan M. Lexau. Ill. by John Wilson. Lippincott. $3.25.

A convincing, disturbing interlude with one small ghetto child: Becky, who yearns to celebrate her approaching eighth birthday with striped ice cream. The loves and sorrows and harsh deprivations of Becky's life will communicate to the most insulated young readers. Her happy birthday may leave some of them in tears. 7-10.

Teen Fiction

Marathon Looks on the Sea. By Olivia Coolidge. Ill. by Erwin Schachner. Houghton. $3.50.

A stirring evocation of the Battle of Marathon, personified in a father and son who met as opponents in that epic encounter of Greeks and Persians. Miltiades was the Greek general whose son, Metiochos, married a kinswoman of Darius and became governor of a Persian province. The novel incarnates these two in a narrative that is both imaginative and faithful to recorded history. Miss Coolidge emphasizes the complexities of the persons and issues involved. 9-12.

Tessie. By Jesse Jackson. Ill. by Harold James. Harper. $4.95.

A maddeningly cheery and superficial novel about the trials of a Harlem ninth-grader who goes to a "good" school on a scholarship. It is worth having for its readability and as a peg for discussion—not much more.

The White Nights of St. Petersburg. By Geoffrey Trease. Ill. by William Stobbs. Vanguard. $3.95.

A glimpse of Russia during World War I, on the brink of revolution, through the eyes of David, a 16-year-old American visitor. This is a thoroughly readable novel with sound factual background. The fictitious foreground and David's role in it are engaging and rather preposterous. Appended are useful capsule biographies of the historic key people involved in the background drama—the Tsar and Tsarina, Rasputin, Kerensky, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin. There is also a list of key dates.

Dark Venture. By Audrey White Beyer. Ill. by Leo and Diane Dillon. Knopf. $4.50.

A fictional account of the eighteenth-century slave trade, based on well-documented histories and focused on Demba, a mythical African boy who is captured and transported as "black cargo." Demba's fate becomes linked with that of Adam Waite, the slave ship's surgeon. Their dramatic story is consistently well told. 11 and up.

The Golden Shore. Ed. with introduction by William Peden. Ill. by Karl Stücklen. Platt & Munk. $3.95.

Excellent, unhackneyed selections from great contemporary writers of the short story—Joyce, Babel, Dinesen, Agee, and a dozen more. This well-edited anthology was compiled

From "Dark Venture" (Knopf)

from writings "concerned primarily *with* young people and designed primarily *for* young people." 12 and up.

Angel in Heavy Shoes. By Lenora Mattingly Weber. Crowell. $3.95.

Adolescence in a large family, sensitively observed and rather well de-

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scribed. Katie Rose, the heroine of some earlier stories, is a pleasantly plausible high school senior. The events of four crucial days in her life are absorbing. 12 and up.

The Ghost Front. By Frank Bonham. Dutton. $4.50.

The Battle of the Bulge, experienced through the destinies of two 18-year-old infantrymen. Tom and Andy Croft are twin brothers, separated by chance for the first time in their lives. Individually, they struggle through the events of December, 1944 in the Ardennes. Their contrapuntal stories make the historic moment very real. Bonham, the author of an award-winning novel about the people of Watts, called *Durango Street,* knows how to present recent history to young readers. 12 and up.

Nature and Science

The Dangerous Year. By Era Zistel. Ill. by John Schoenherr. Random. $2.95.

Four perilous seasons in the life of an orphaned skunk family. This convincing, naturalistic record of woodland life has consistent interest, unsentimental appeal and pleasing illustrations. 8-12.

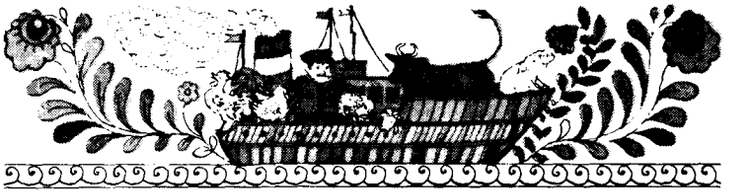
Horses: How They Came To Be. By Julian May. Ill. by Lorence F. Bjorklund. Holiday. $3.75.

The story of equine evolution, beginning with eohippus, the tiny prehistoric "dawn horse." Text and pictures are clear, harmonious, nicely focused. The narrative suggests, also, how human history is related to the history of this valued beast. 6-9.

Symmetry. By Arthur G. Razzell and K.G.O. Watts. Ill. by Ellen Raskin. Doubleday. $2.50.

Another worthy volume in the *Exploring Mathematics* series. This one concerns the fascinating subject of symmetry in nature and in artifacts. It should appeal equally to the young scientist and the young artist. The book can be read for pleasure by an adven-

A Spring Cruise of



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turous child, or used as a classroom supplement. In the latter situation, *A Classroom Guide to Symmetry* by Charles F. Linn (.50) would be a useful addition.

Wonders of Fossils. By William H. Matthews III. Ill. with photographs and drawings. Dodd, Mead. $3.25.

A workmanlike handbook for grade-school enthusiasts. Matthews offers them such theoretical tools as a clearly-charted geological time scale, as well as excellent practical advice for fossil-hunters, including pictures of useful equipment. 8-12.

Your Friend, The Insect. By Florence M. White. Ill. by Alan E. Cober. Knopf. $3.50.

A loving introduction to the useful and beautiful qualities of some common insects. Honeybees and lacewings, fireflies and ladybirds are presented, with half-a-dozen of their neighbors, in

From "White Nights of St. Petersburg" (Vanguard)

an appealing text and elegant line drawings. This would be an instructive gift for some too-fastidious Miss Muffet. 4-7.

The Color of Man. By Robert Cohen. Ill. with photographs by Ken Heyman. Random. $3.95.

A low-keyed essay on skin pigmentation: "what it's all about; why we are confused and concerned about it; how it will affect our future." The superb photographs reinforce and amplify the excellent text. Even small children will enjoy the pictures and absorb some of their wisdom. The essay itself is thoughtful, matter-of-fact, wonderfully calm.

Dreams. Written and ill. by Larry Kettelkamp. Morrow. $2.95.

A well-organized and clearly-written account of what is known about dreaming. It includes a history of attitudes toward dreams, from ancient Egypt to modern psychoanalysis; an interesting report on contemporary sleep research; a discussion of parapsychology; and some practical suggestions for the interpretation of one's own dreams. This is scarcely a do-it-yourself kit for self-knowledge, nor does it pretend to be. All the same, it offers a useful focus. 10-14.

The World Ocean. By Vernon Pizer. Ill. with photographs and diagrams. World. $4.95.

An interesting, well-written study of "man's last frontier" that introduces all aspects of oceanography, including its history. The detailed consideration of wave action and tides is particularly fascinating. An important part of the book concerns those products of the sea—nutrients, medicines, energy, even desalinized water—upon which, the late President Kennedy once noted, "our very survival may hinge." 12 and up.

MEDLEY

The Harcourt Brace Intermediate Dictionary. Ill. with drawings and maps. $7.50. Harcourt.

A new dictionary for young readers, with over 46,000 entries and 1,300 illustrations, printed in two colors. Definitions are remarkably lucid and contemporary, with reference to sports and the sciences. Many include histories of terms and their usages. An appendix provides useful lists, tables, charts, and such documents as the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. 10-16.

Wonders, Warriors, and Beasts Abounding. By Beryl Barr. Ill. with reproductions from more than thirty museums. Doubleday. $6.95.

An imaginative exploration of "how the artist sees his world," by a young American artist. Many media, epochs and cultures are considered, kaleido-

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scopically; with reproductions, many in full color, of the works discussed. This is an unusually stimulating approach to the study of art. 12 and up.

Jonathon Bing. By Beatrice Curtis Brown. Ill. by Judith Gwyn Brown. Lothrop. $3.25.

A dozen-and-a-half jingly songs (some new, some familiar) about much-anthologized Jonathon Bing. This lovable, foolish doggerel has been a favorite for three decades. It is here presented with cheerful new pictures and a few newly-minted verses. 5-9.

Glass, Stones & Crown. Written and ill. by Anne Rockwell. Atheneum. $3.75.

An account of the Abbé Suger and the rebuilding of St. Denis, presented with elegance and flair. The first great Gothic cathedral of France becomes a potent symbol for an era. The men who made it are limned with tranquil clarity in this distinguished book. 8-13.

Mozart: Music Magician. By Claire-Huchet Bishop. Ill. by Paul Frame. Garrard. $2.49.

A sensitive introduction ot the bittersweet history of one of the very greatest composers who ever lived. Young readers will pay his gifted biographer the best compliment of all by consulting the "listening choices" she appends. One cavil: Mrs. Bishop's graceful text is ill-served by the book's mediocre design.

The Pied Piper and other fairy tales. Retold by Joseph Jacobs. Ill. by James Hill. Commentary by W. H. Auden. Macmillan. $4.50.

A selection of six unhackneyed English fairy tales in a classic version, with a magisterial commentary. Jacobs' prose is pleasing to read aloud. Auden contributes a more comprehensive and intelligible introduction to the narrative than is found in any standard high school text book.

Seeing Red. Feeling Blue. Written and ill. by Robert Jay Wollf. Scribners. $3.50 each.

Two small picture books that explore the many tints and hues and connotations of two primary colors. They are bright, imaginative, stimulating, and fun. 6-10.

Trail of Apple Blossoms. By Irene Hunt. Ill. by Don Bolognese. Follett. $3.95.

Some of the scraps of legend spun from the memory of "Johnny Appleseed"—the man who sowed appletrees throughout the middle west. This award-winning author weaves a charming story, and artist-illustrator Bolognese serves her well. All ages.

In the Park. By Esther Hautzig. Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Macmillan. $4.95.

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Illustration by Linda Ominsky from *Long Ago in Serbia*

THE IRON FOXHOLE
By Gene Olson. A realistic story of tank combat in France during World War II, and a young tank gunner's baptism of fire. Boys, 12-15

THE SPY WHO TALKED TOO MUCH
By Amelia Elizabeth Walden. Fascinating Middle-East intrigue, involving an American girl working for the CIA —by a master of suspense stories for teenagers. Girls, 12-15

THE HIDDEN TREASURE
By Helen Girvan. Lynn and Debbie, who are spending the summer at Lake Kittewaugh, investigate some mysterious happenings in and around Kent Castle, the old house next door. Girls, 12-15

PRISONERS OF SPACE
By Lester Del Rey. A gripping and convincing science-fiction fantasy about the first two children born on the moon—their problems and adventures, and their longing to visit Earth. Boys & girls, 12-15

LONG AGO IN SERBIA
By Dorothy Gladys Spicer. Illus. by *Linda Ominsky.* These ten marvelous tales from Serbia's rich, remote past will seem familiar to anyone who has ever loved fairy tales—yet they have their own distinctive flavor. Boys & girls, 8-12.

HIDING THE BELL
By Ruth Nulton Moore. Illus. by *Andrew A. Snyder.* Philadelphia colonists conspire to hide the Liberty Bell from the British, who plan to steal it and melt it down for cannon. A suspenseful story based on historical fact. Boys & girls, 8-12.

SECRET OF GOBLIN GLEN
By Phyllis A. Whitney. Illus. by *Al Fiorentino.* Teenagers search a wild New Hampshire valley for the loot from a 40-year-old bank robbery. Phyllis Whitney has won two MWA "Edgars" for young people's mysteries. Boys & girls, 10-14.

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN
By Alexander Key. Illus. by *Leon Wisdom, Jr.* Two orphan children with strange powers seek their own world—which they know must exist somewhere. A delightful suspense fantasy. Boys & girls, 10-14.

THE WIDE WORLD OF AARON BURR
By Helen Orlob. The story of one of the most enigmatic figures in American history, candidly and captivatingly told. Footnotes, bibliography, index. Boys & girls, 10-14.

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"An Excursion in Four Languages" that is good fun for the child who is entranced by the magic of words. In this colorful polyglot park, he will learn the French and Spanish and Russian names of familiar objects. Keys to pronunciation are less than perfectly accurate—but how does one transliterate the French for "squirrel" without a phonetic alphabet? 4-8.

BIBLE

Bible for Children with songs and plays: Old Testament. Translated by Patricia Crampton from the Dutch by J. L. Klink. Ill. by Piet Klaasse. Westminister. $4.95.

An attractively illustrated import, the highly-esteemed creation of a woman minister. Her narrative technique is only average, but the unobtrusive exegesis for children is excellent. The four plays could be most useful in a classroom. The songs are musically uneven and their lyrics show the strain of most metrical translations—but a resourceful teacher might adapt them to her needs.

From "Mazel and Shlimazel" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

The Tower of Babel. Written and ill. by William Wiesner. Viking. $3.95.

An effective retelling of the story from Genesis, handsomely illustrated. Wiesner's interpretation derives in part from *Hebrew Myths* by Robert Graves and Raphael Patai. He has recreated an illuminating parable, vitally relevant to the present. 4-6.

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

The Psychology of Children's Art. By Rhoda Kellogg with Scott O'Dell. Ill. with paintings, drawings and photographs in full color. Random. $10.00.

Put Your Mother On the Ceiling: Children's Imagination Games. By Richard de Mille. Walker. $3.95.

Psychology Today. January, 1968. Vol. 1, No. 8. $1.00.

Three publications that should not be missed by anyone concerned with young readers and early learnings. The first is a graphic triumph that achieves important new insights into the world of nursery and primary school children through their art. The second describes "a short course in creative imagery" developed for children six and older, by a reputable teacher of psychology now engaged in educational research. The January issue of *Psychology Today,* which is devoted to child psychology, contains several articles of exceptional value. Scott O'Dell's "Adventure With Memory and Words" is of particular interest because it is a perceptive essay on children's literature by a distinguished author of books for children.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 283)

to have known the impact of the magisterial *Surnaturel* and the disgraceful episodes that crowned it. Undoubtedly Père de Lubac was writing for another world, the world of 1943, when those of us who existed in seminaries were still fed a menu of neanderthal Thomism. But the majesty of the man is not merely that he had the courage to challenge the accepted teaching—even though most French theologians would admit that he pushed his conclusions too far—and had the grace to write, notwithstanding, the elegant *Méditation sur l'Église,* but that he had the scholarly equipment (perhaps this is pedantry to Anselm) to attack upon the only field that would have given him an academic hearing, the intellectual. One has the impression that Anselm's world is curiously myopic (I almost said "Trappist") and rigid in its criteria of relevance. Read Maritain's *Le Paysan de la Garonne*—or teach philosophy in

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some of our Catholic universities. Indeed, de Lubac has a place that is, in the deeply etymological sense of the word, *historical*.

To say the least, Anselm's methodology is offensive, even dictatorial. He tells us what is theologically relevant and appropriate conduct for theologians. In this he reflects his impoverished milieu: one that contemns theology as a *speculative* discipline . . . Moreover, he has adopted one of the more unconscionable traits of his master: a name-dropping technique that does not argue familiarity with the issues debated by the authors he cites. Finally, as a student of Altizer (and hence grandson of Eliade) he ought to be more respectful of myths. After all, what Anselm really offers us is in reality a "more fashionable" myth. . . .

THOMAS N. MUNSON

Woodstock, Md.

To the Editors: In spinning his cobweb of modern needs, ideas, and names around de Lubac (May 3), Anselm Atkins chokes a victim he keeps quite hidden. He is also less than his intended "deadly clear" in showing that "the word nowadays makes all the difference" in doing theology. It just may be that God has always been the unowed vision fulfilling a man, that the basal mystery as which he comes is always opaque, and that the history of man's grappling with Christian fulfillment—from the New Testament to Voegelin, with no excision of the Fathers and Scholastics—is quite germane to doing theology today. This would make it no gratuity to say of de Lubac: "may his name live forever."

JOHN CARMODY, S. J.

Aid to Biafra

Chesterfield, N.H.

To the Editors: As an American citizen who has lived in Eastern Nigeria (Biafra), I wish to thank you for the coverage you have given to the almost forgotten Nigerian-Biafran conflict (Mar. 22, May 3).

There are nearly as many lives being lost in this war as in Vietnam and, according to Dr. Francis Ibiam and other Biafran leaders, there are almost no relief or medical supplies in Biafra. It might interest your readers to know that the International Red Cross and the National Council of Churches are setting up a program for refugee aid in both areas. $15,000 a month is required to set up a comprehensive program, and contributions are urgently needed. Contributions, which are tax deductible, may be sent to the National Council of Churches, Africa Dept., DOM, 475 Riverside Drive, New York City, 10027.

MARY M. CLARK

Counseling for the Poor

East Norwalk, Conn.

To the Editors: Dr. Coles' ironic description of the reign of psychology and psychiatry (Apr. 5) was most effective. They are part of an "upper middle-class Western intellectual world" where the well-fed, well-educated turn to them, as to a new religion, for "meaning" . . .

There is another world which these disciplines have hardly begun to reach and where they are desperately needed. It is the world of the hundreds of thousands of the mentally ill who receive little or no treatment in overcrowded, inadequately financed institutions. Poorly fed, poorly clothed and inarticulate, they often live in greater degradation than in any ghetto. . . .

ALICE M. FARRELL

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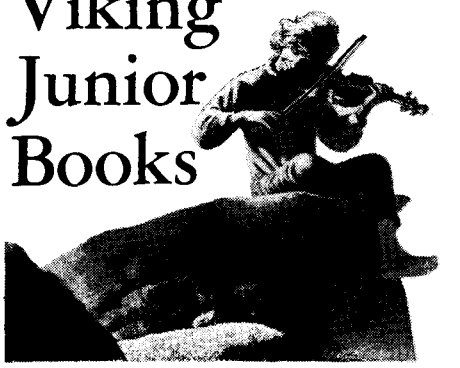

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Books for Boys and Girls Spring 1968

Natalie Babbitt

PHOEBE'S REVOLT. Pictures by the author. In a frilly age (1904) this "novel child" had a distaste for everything to do with girls, especially curls, bows, lace and ruffles. Ages 5-9. $3.50

Jack Sendak

PICTURES BY

Mitchell Miller

MARTZE is a bold, good-hearted boy who *knows* he has the power to do magic. His story is swift and compelling as a dream of adventure. Ages 6-10. $3.50

Ann Nolan Clark

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Margaret Ruthin

ELLI OF THE NORTHLAND. A young Lapp girl must decide between going to her father or staying with her adoptive family and their herd of reindeer. A *Junior Literary Guild* selection. Ages 9-13. $3.50

Margaret Leighton

A HOLE IN THE HEDGE. Three lively youngsters discover to their horror that the strange recluse next door is actually a prisoner in her own house. Ages 10-14. $3.50

E. M. Almedingen

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Basil Heatter

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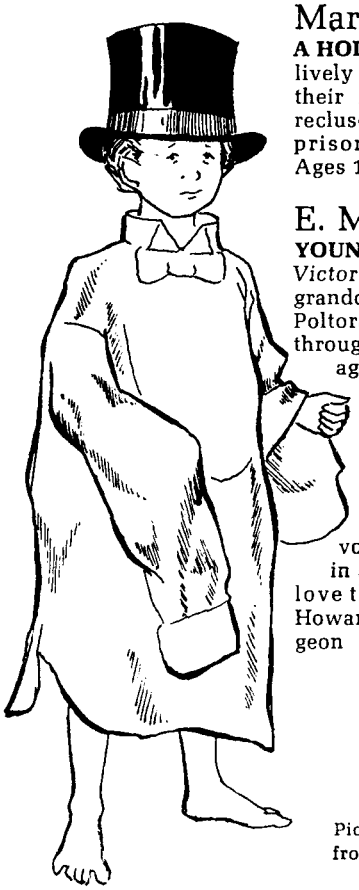

Picture by Natalie Babbitt from *Phoebe's Revolt*

Leonard Wibberley

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